THE WIND AND THE RAIN

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WINTER, 1948
Volume IV Number 3

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THE WIND AND THE RAIN

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VOLUME IV WINTER, 1948 NUMBER 3

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THE WIND AND THE RAIN is published quarterly in January, April, July and October, by the Phoenix Press, and edited from 15 Newton Court, London, W.8 (Western 2928). Subscription rates are £10 for life, or 8s. 6d. per annum. In U.S.A. copies may be bought direct from our sole American distributors, Circle Editions Inc., 2466, Telegraph Avenue, Berkeley 4, California. In Europe copies may be bought direct from our sole agents, Pantheon Press Ltd. Brussels. Back numbers and advertisement rates may be obtained on application. All manuscripts submitted must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, if their return is desired. Young writers are welcomed, and a verdict on all work is given within a month.

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EDITORIAL

ARRIVAL on the Continent in 1947 after August 20th was an exciting affair. The inconvertibility of sterling had come and if the pound was not honoured as it had been before the war, at least there seemed no shortage of either Belgian or French people who were prepared to set up their own private *bureaux de change* : admittedly they fixed their own rate of exchange which was some thirty or forty francs lower than the official one, yet the thing that mattered—and this was the important point for the traveller—was that foreign currency could be had ; a month's holiday could be prolonged and in the few extra days thus gained it seemed nearly always possible to make sure of another visit next year on the *au pair* basis. International fiscal relations might break down, but friendship did not, even if that friendship was primarily cemented as a means for the reciprocal conciliation of interests rather than as an end in itself. It became a form of commerce and, unlike the impersonality of exports as ambassadors, it had the dual advantage of establishing personal contact and therefore confidence amongst different foreigners. This at a time when the relationship between governments had for the last months reached a deadlock was particularly valuable. The restrictions which they had put upon their various electorates could be circumvented : in the case of undergraduates by the fine work of such bodies as the International Student Service and in the case of individuals by methods of their own devising. Yet these methods, understandable as they are (and of which one example, that by private *bureaux de change*, has already been given), cannot be condoned. If they were adopted on a national scale they would lead to disaster. As it is, they are used by exactly that element of the population which will not be marshalled, and which is a growing element : old soldiers and their followers. Of course, there are proverbially as well the Jews who are usually able to find a way round such regulations, and now, more faintly from the back of the hall, comes the additional cry of ' spivs '. So it is the coupling at both extremes of ' spiv ' and old soldier is significant : it should not pass by unnoticed.

The old soldier is used to discipline, to obeying orders and to using his initiative when it is needed. He may as a cadet spend many hours blancoing his belt, but he will not endure tomfoolery : he may be a figure of fun, but he is also a pillar of strength to any country. With the ' spiv ' it is otherwise. He is dissatisfied with society and so is forced to take refuge on its periphery whilst living off its centre :

he feels no responsibilities. In contrast, Colonel Blimp, to personify the old soldier, feels his duties as a leader, but should that leadership not be sought by his present government then it may be diverted to other sources. He likewise is forced to the periphery of society and in the process becomes through inaction an accomplice of the 'black market'; confessedly not in a very big way at home, just perhaps a few eggs, some whisky and an odd gallon of petrol, but on the Continent, and which is graver for his country, his actions have a more far reaching effect because there he is bartering with bank notes upon the value of which is dependent the cost of living of his own fellow-citizens. Up to date that has been the most serious outward result of the travel ban: but there are other results which are more momentous and for the causes of which one must delve deeper.

Economically Europe may be divided and politically it may be split, but at heart there is still such a thing as European unity. It is decidedly noticeable in contemporary Germany. There, with food becoming shorter and poverty more rife every day, this spirit is still resurgent, although a little timid to show its head under the Allied Occupation. For instance the dollar crisis is seen as an European concern and not only as an English dilemma. Because of the speed of modern air travel England is considered as a part of Europe and hence if there is to be an European recovery the United States must furnish the wherewithal by which this may be materially accomplished. Even more vital is spiritual reconstruction. For a long time, and quite honestly, the Germans as a whole were hoodwinked by National Socialism: when they realized its shortcomings, and for most Germans these did not become apparent until about 1942, they were fighting for their fatherland and they felt they must fight to the finish—even if as they saw from the course of the Russian campaign it was a losing battle. Now that the war is over they are perplexed for many reasons. They see the same crimes being perpetrated in the Russian zone for which their leaders were tried at Nuremburg, and not a hand being lifted in protest. They see the whole machine of de-Nazification working so clumsily that it is really doing more than anything else to re-Nazify the country They see so few foreign newspapers (which are not zonal papers) and so few civilians (who are not zonal authorities) that they are desperately short of information. Students will walk miles to attend lectures and it is not unusual for an Englishman to be stopped in the street and to be asked to talk about his land.—What is the food situation like?—Who will win the next election?—When will it be war again?—These are the three main questions, and their order is worth noting. In a modern dress production of the *Beggar's Opera* (translated by Bert Brecht and with music by Kurt Weil) it was the line 'Erst kommt das Essen: dan die Moral' ('First you must eat: then you can be good') which received the loudest applause. It is a line too which sums up their predicament.

Under the circumstances they are making a brave stand with what little resources they have to prepare themselves for when the hour comes for them to play their part in an European polity. The reading rooms set up by the Allies are constantly full and the bookshops crammed with piles of new reviews. For instance in the monthly *Die Fahre*, Kafka, Valéry, Somerset Maugham and Jules Supervielle are appearing for the first time. Rilke is still highly popular and it is hard to find copies of his poems since those acquired by public libraries have subsequently been acquired by borrowers and not returned. Another poet, Georg Schneider, is rapidly coming to the fore whilst the influence of Romano Guardini, the Catholic philosopher and critic, and Karl Jaspers, the German exponent of existentialism, is spreading (but his existentialism is different from that of Sartre and more akin to that of Gabriel Marcel) : later ' Selected Notices ' of some of their books will be published. But this is only three-quarters of Germany.

In the other part, over the ' green border ', in the Russian zone, it is another story. The periodicals there may be more lavishly produced and on finer paper—contrast the Berlin student production *Forum*[1] with that of the *Göttinger Universitäts-Zeitung* coming from the British zone—but the intention behind such outward forms is obvious. It is to make sure the German universities are brought down to a standard that will tally with the Russian standard of education. Throughout the Soviet zone both chairs and lectureships for the teaching of Communism are being founded. Leipzig has its chair of Marxism and Jena an Institute for the teaching of Dialectical Realism. Earlier this year, because of the failure of the Sozialistische Einheits Partei[2] in the Eastern zone to gain votes since it was defeated by the Christliche Demokrutische Partei, in future 80 per cent. of the students are to be recruited from the ' Volksschule '. In this way by bringing in outside forces consisting of those who have not passed any university entrance examination it is hoped not only to reduce the complete state of learning, but also thus to make the Communist franchise a controlling factor in university life. This effort to beat down the intellectual bastions of Germany is a massive scale attempt to split Europe yet further under the Kremlin pretext of crying for an united Germany. The same thing is happening in the arts. The People's Theatre movement is gaining strength and is steadfastly, by either inside pressure or indirect means, trying to oust actors and managers who are not sympathetic to Bolshevik ideas. An attempt also is being made to enrol painters, sculptors and architects in unions. Of the effect of such a political programme on literature little need be said here, since it is the subject of the article which follows this editorial : again, in a future number, another writer will deal in full with the case of the popular writer, Zoschenko, when he

[1] Berlin University is in the Russian Sector of the capital.

[2] This party only exists in the Eastern zone : its counterpart in the Western zone is the Kommunistiche Partei.

was publicly rebuked in 1946, and the review, *Leningrad*, suppressed. All these preliminary sorties against a free culture, together with the effort to reduce the entire standard of German living, are a scientific method of ensuring that the last letter of the law of the Potsdam agreement shall be executed when it was said that German life should not be better than that of any other country in Europe—Russia included. So it is the need for travelling becomes greater since both accurate information and the fostering of mutual co-operation are reliant upon it. An isolated Europe is a weak Europe, and if this is to be the cost of economic recovery it should be pointed out that one evil is being banished only to open the way for another.

Hazlitt once said : ' I should like to spend the whole of my life travelling, if I could anywhere borrow another life to spend at home.' Had he been living today and Mr. Bevin been his foreign minister and not Castlereagh, he might on reflection have added that the surest way of being able to retain one's freedom to travel at home is to be aware of what is really happening abroad ; not being deluded into believing what those whose interest it serves, will have one accept. If travel does nothing else it teaches toleration, and a ticket from Victoria to any part of the world should be a statesman's first aim, not his fear.

THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF SOVIET LITERATURE AND CRITICISM

GEORGE REAVEY

IS there a Soviet literature ? ' is a question one hears asked and often enough the jesting intellectual does not stay for an answer. I am not concerned here to prove that a great Soviet literature exists or even a literature in the sense intended and implying, I suppose, the creation of a body of work in which the *whole* of a personality has been engaged to give the best of his art and his personal interpretation of life. I am concerned to explore what is really happening now, for Soviet affairs are, after all, part of the world we are living in, and most people are usually too impatient or too carried away by themselves to consider the implications of events outside their own sphere or any possible analogies that may arise out of apparently remote situations. Therefore, I attach some importance to the development of Soviet literature, however unlike that of a great creative age it may appear to be. And I am even prepared to start with the assumption that there is only literary activity. Then what is Soviet literary activity about ? What is its nature, character and

atmosphere? Is it at all related to what is happening elsewhere, that is to say, in the West mainly for our purpose (for a more complete study we should also have to consider the East with all its present-day potentialities)? And the other question, which naturally arises, is why Soviet literature appears so shrunken when compared not only with that of the age of Gogol and Turgeniev, Dostoievsky and Leo Tolstoy, Chekhov and Gorky, but also that of the 1920's even? For the average Soviet novel now being published accounts no doubt for the prevalent scepticism as to the quality and importance of this literature.

On the other hand, there is the Soviet claim to be considered, that its literature is 'the most advanced', that Soviet writers are the citizens of a 'new and better world', and that 'the West is now in a state where it can produce no more great literature'. The nature of this claim will become clearer as we proceed, but in the meantime let us note its extensive ramifications. While many western intellectuals have been adhering to Communism, others have been turning their backs to the West as it is—in search of Oriental gods or Aztec mysteries, Nordic twilight or caesarism, religious roots or fashionable heresies; or they have been caught in the net of commercial corruption and have begun to belittle the idea of independence and integrity. To talk of the unity of Europe in these conditions is like circulating debased coinage. There is the Soviet criticism of the West, which is naturally resented because mostly it is presented in too self-sufficient a manner; but there is even more self-criticism and self-disgust in the West itself. And no wonder there should be. For what a fine flower of corruption had been allowed to grow up in Nazism right in the centre of the whole European system (we are feeling the draught of the void now); and such things do not happen overnight nor are they ever quite local. In the stench of this atmosphere, the last brave giants of the Western spirit as they appear now, Joyce and Picasso, had been making a sort of final inventory of European values and Renaissance prowess before their extensive sensibility had been overshadowed by revived provincialism and local enthusiasms. This creeping black-out does not necessarily portend the cessation of all spiritual activity or literature, but rather their transformation to other ends and away from the free play of the spirit—that culmination of the Christian and Renaissance traditions. From *Prometheus Unbound* to the *Family Reunion*, how short a course we run! The recurring paradox of freedom engendering authority again confronts us.

The problem of communication is one which can also be studied with either profit or dismay in the history of Soviet literature. It may be useful to remind the Western reader that on the eve of the Revolution Russian literature had many trends and characteristics which appear strangely familiar. There was even Andrei Biely, a Russian Joyce, who had already written a remarkable novel in 1910, *The Silver Dove*, in which an intellectual also turned his back on the

'West', in his case a noble fiancée and a traditional country estate, and sought escape among the 'elemental' and mysterious people (the Russian intellectual did not have to go overseas since (*a*) the Russian people itself had barely been discovered and (*b*) the 'colonies' were contiguous). But these trends were interrupted or modified first in 1918 and then radically uprooted in 1929-32, when they were dubbed 'formalist' or 'harmful'. It is interesting to note that some atmosphere of pre-Revolutionary intellectualism survived till 1928, no doubt because of the comparatively free and easy policy of N.E.P. But the turn of the screw came with the Five-Year Plans, and the atmosphere changed entirely. Groups and the interplay of theories were put to an end. The problem of communication was put on a new basis—that of Socialist Realism. Concrete simplicity and classical measures became the order of the day.

But that was not the whole story. The Soviet critics worry mainly about content and morality, political morality if you like, if that is not a contradiction in terms. And so we come to the crux of the matter, which is that Soviet literary activity is governed and has been governed since 1932 exclusively by the notion that Soviet literature must serve the cause of building up Socialism (and then Communism) and that the writer must subscribe to this notion as well as to that of employing a realistic method in presentation.

At its best this notion is a moral one ; it implies the desire to see the world transformed not only outwardly in the sense of establishing new types of institutions but above all fundamentally in the sense of changing the human consciousness. Hence theory is regarded as an instrument of change ; and its function is also to correlate the experience of ever-changing reality. The belief in the unity of theory and practice, when it is a case of a Marxist principle working through the Russian mind, already historically obsessed by the idea of unity and community, produces in practice a situation in which a step forward is followed by self-criticism and re-definition for the next stage ; it is then expected that all should agree again in theory to the analysis of that particular stage of reality, the conclusions to be drawn from it, and the next step to be taken.

From the point of view of literature and the arts, the trouble is that these conclusions may be arrived at within comparatively short periods, the switch-over to a new direction may be abrupt and, while the writer may have just begun to adapt himself to the last stage, he is already expected not only to be aware of new trends but to exemplify them. It can be realized how difficult it is in such an atmosphere to create pondered works or to plot the destiny of an individual outside a given historical setting. The problem, however, is not ignored ; there are constant references to it in debate ; but the Party critics hold that there is no need for what they call 'distance' between the writer and the object. They insist that the object should be the reality of today with all its ideological implications, and that the writer should be dialectically aware of the evolving

or, rather, *revolutionary* situation, and be able to analyse it by means of the theory at his disposal. If he lags behind, the fault is his for not educating himself and sharpening his wits sufficiently. And therefore the Central Committee, as happened in the summer of 1946, reviews the situation every now and then and issues general directives, for in practice Soviet literary activity periodically goes off the rails, takes a wrong turning or 'lags behind'. This in itself is interesting, for every now and again we catch a glimpse of Soviet literature about to settle down to some development until it is jolted out of it. That was the case in 1946 when, as a result of the war and a tentative renewal of contact with the West, Soviet writers appeared to be working in a somewhat more liberal atmosphere and on a broader national foundation ; but with the new series of Five-Year Plans and the revived objective of achieving Communism they were again reminded of their more purely ideological basis and of the necessity of adhering more strictly to the principles of Socialist Realism. And, at the same time, because their influence was growing, contemporary Western influences were made taboo once more. The English reader of current translations is bound to miss the ins and outs of this constant battle of theory and practice, which is still going on with the aim of achieving not only a unity of outlook at any given stage of development but also an increased dialectical awareness among wider masses of the people. And as the reforms of 1946 have very clearly demonstrated, literature and the arts—at this stage at least—are quite frankly considered as being, above all, potent and useful instruments for helping to effect the desired change in men's consciousness. The argument is that, if you are creating your own reality, politically, socially and economically, and then, moreover, help to make and reflect it through creative media, you are thereby doubling its potency and leaving a unique imprint of it on the consciousness. No doubt that is why Shakespeare is so admired for the width of his grasp of character and of the spirit of his age. But, by comparison, Soviet literature also seems to suffer from that 'diminution of talents' of which it accuses Western literature, and it also suffers, since the middle 1930's especially from a certain monotony, one-sidedness, and the ever-expressed desire to rub in a moral at any cost—rather like Leo Tolstoy in his old age but with less art. It is significant that a good part of the current criticism and directives is made up of exhortations, which can again usually be reduced to the same propositions day in, day out. The very language has to some extent been affected. And in 1948, it is clear that this procrustean frame is even more assiduously applied. The moral stress is there all the time. And the assumption is that the Soviet order is the best and most advanced, because it is based on the discovery and application of certain scientific laws of social development, which had hitherto been ignored or, at least, had not been theoretically deduced and *consciously* put into practice. And there is the second assumption that this theory and practice are now

the main *historical* highway of world development, since the upsurging forces in the world are gravitating towards it.[1]

There is some sincerity and logic behind this attitude in the shrinking world as we find it today—in a world in which the problem of global unity has been more than just raised. It is also true, that during the war the world had to some extent definitely gravitated in that particular direction. On the other hand, the theory and practice, which we have been discussing, has been exercised above all by a particular State which claims to hold the keys of social and terrestrial truth. For Western intellectuals, brought up in the what remains of the Christian (separation of lay and spiritual powers) and the Renaissance-Reformation (*cuius regio, eius religio*, but balanced by development of individual conscience and all-powerful individuality) traditions, it is still hard to swallow wholly the bait of the State as an absolute intellectual mentor as distinct from a subsidiary, however rosy the prospects it may unfold ; for there is some historical experience to enlighten us even though an important art and literature might have flourished under *l'etat c'est moi* Louis XIV. But the problem of today is a much harder and more desperate one, for in the past, on the whole, art had developed organically and was organically related to society. Now, not illogically in view of the scientific developments that have taken place, the accent seems to be falling on a more mechanical conception of an art out-of-a-laboratory or manufactured at will, in a certain way and to a certain pattern. The recipe exists both in Hollywood and Moscow, with the important difference of *content*. Hollywood is just out to get at the greatest number of people and tickle their sensations in the best-selling manner (or take the latest best-selling novel, *Forever Amber*, which is remarkable for its entirely mechanistic catalogue of a one-woman brothel, without any touches of real pornography). By comparison, Moscow is attempting, by means of a certain morality, to endoctrinate as many people as possible and to transform their consciousness to an awareness of a new type of world and certain 'scientific and historical laws', but it is doing so by studied scientific and mechanical means, like applying Pavlov's discovery of the system of reflexes to mass psychology and not counting the cost.

Is it not strange how Victorian the Russians now are in their optimism and how they like academic painting and solid subject matter and the good moral ? Is it the effect of the feeling of growing power ? And is the increasing note of pessimism from Baudelaire to Valéry to be subconsciously explained by the feeling of the decline of French power ? In our case the Tennysonian world was optimistic too ; but it has evolved quite contrary to expectations, and the late coal shocks are an ominous reminder of what Darwin discovered in the new world—the cataclysmic possibilities of Nature. Are we not in fact moving into quite another world ? And is not the reality of

[1] *Vide* Stalin's 'Dialectical and Historical Materialism'.

the situation, perhaps, quite different from what is imagined? Some historical analogies occur, a wider and a narrower one: the change in human consciousness from pagan Rome to Christianity; and the schism of the Catholic world at the time of the Renaissance and Reformation, when new discoveries and new ideas in religion and politics coincided with an economic revolution. Are we not again witnessing the death here and there, the swan song elsewhere of precisely those values which were first affirmed in the sixteenth century? Was not Dostoievsky, for example, conscious of this humanist crisis? And is not the Soviet theory of dialectical and historical materialism largely based on an analysis of it? And is it an exaggeration to say that Moscow would like to see our consciousnesses transformed to its idea of Socialism (first) and Communism (afterwards) in some such way as the Pagan finally became Christian or the Catholic Protestant? That is the real drama of the situation in which psychology, politics and economics are now fast entangled and in which literature and the arts are already very much involved (action, reaction, escape, self-analysis). What a fine subject for drama on a Shakespearean scale it all is! But it is a breeding ground for ostriches too!

Soviet literary activity is almost entirely absorbed in this problem as seen from one angle only. In theory it is entirely so absorbed. In practice, the scene is more varied and sometimes incalculable; the expulsion of Zoshchenko from the Writers' Union as late as 1946, as well as other trends revealed in the reforms of that year, all prove this. Now this incident illustrates a number of interesting points. Formally, Zoshchenko's expulsion from the Writers' Union may not have been unjustified, for members of it have to undertake to help and build Socialism, that is to say, they must show themselves active in the work of transforming the consciousness of others in a particular way. In practice, and especially during the war, a certain latitude was allowed by which many writers quickly profited; and usually, too, errors are criticized (there are degrees in the severity of criticism varying from critique and discussion to a *Pravda* leader) and left at that, or a warning may be issued. In the case of Zoshchenko a warning *had* been issued in 1943 after the publication of his *Before the Sun Rises*, a self-analytical 'sordid and individualistic' work, as the critics called it, which broke all the canons of Socialist Realism. All Zoshchenko did after that was to go to Leningrad, eventually become the editor of the leading literary review there (*Zvezda*), get a book of short stories printed, write a satirical story, *The Adventures of an Ape*, and supposedly encourage the publication of various works of an 'aesthetic trend' by younger writers. When the time for the reforms of 1946 came, and the Central Committee and Zhdanov intervened, Zoshchenko was picked on as scapegoat and example for others, expelled from the Writers' Union and branded as a 'non-Soviet element'. Within the framework of the system the incident is explicable and even logical.

A writer is sent to coventry because he is supposed to exercise a bad influence and demoralize the young (the task of Soviet literature is to be *educative* !). The severity of the sentence was, however, a shock after the preceding period of relaxation. But it does not necessarily imply that Zoshchenko would not be re-admitted to the Writers' Union if he 'reformed'. Indeed, by the autumn of 1947, some stories of his about the war-time activities of Leningrad partisans were published in *Novy Mir*, a leading Soviet review.

And here we are back again to our moral horse and the whole question of a transformed consciousness. After three decades of the Revolution and the achievement of Socialism in one country, here was an unregenerate intellectual still plying a '*bourgeois* individualism' and encouraging aestheticism among the young (who did not seem averse from it). One can almost sympathize with the authorities: so much ink, so much type, so many exhortations, and all to no purpose ! To say nothing of the 'great Russian tradition', moral to the backbone, which had been flouted ! And the precursors of Soviet criticism, the realist critics of the nineteenth century, Bielinsky, Dobroliubov, Chernyshevsky, and Pisarev ! Had they not pointed the way of moral rectitude and social conscience? So argue the moralists.

What is to become of the intellectual who does not want to reform or who is chronically incapable of it? The problem grows more topical every day. Ponderous forces are at work everywhere hemming him in. In the Soviet Union, at least, the issue is simpler and clearer, and the majority against him more overwhelming. Elsewhere the ponderous forces are also at work in more subtle ways and from different quarters. But in the West, as in the early phases of such processes, elements of dualism still persist. We can have a Picasso joining the Party although his art is condemned in Moscow. And we can also have conservative indignation against his art in London. It is at least clear that the old type of self-analysing or detached intellectual is not required in the Soviet Union. He is disliked as a species and is judged to belong to the 'old world'; and it is the avowed objective of Soviet criticism to eliminate 'old-world' elements.[2]

The type of writer who does seem to flourish happily in the Soviet Union is the all-round tough character, like Simonov or Gorbatov. The sort of man who has seen a few wars or been on several fronts, flown to the North Pole, and written plenty of reportage, mixed all round the country and addressed plenty of meetings. Then he will probably become a deputy of the Supreme Soviet and assume certain political responsibilities. He may even become an under-secretary for State as Korneychuk did in the Commissariat for Foreign Affairs.[3] For the successful writer the temptations of public

[2] 'Soviet criticism is the gravedigger of the old world'. *Culture and Life*, No. I, 1946.

[3] This playwright has since become Chairman of the Ukrainian Supreme Soviet.

affairs are many and the committees innumerable. Some write little as a result ; others seem to take the hurdles in their stride. Simonov, for example, has written an astonishing amount for a young man of active life. No writer need complain that he is cut off from life. In some ways it may be a good school in so far as it makes for the fusion of a writer with society, but it somehow still lacks a dimension or is it the genius to bring the whole scene to greater life. Or, perhaps, an intensive period of preoccupation with literature and nothing else is needed before a synthesis could finally be achieved between the experience of a rich enough reality and the art form which is to embody it. It is not an easy thing to sweep away a tradition very thoroughly and then try and build a culture almost from scratch and with new elements which have to be educated for the first time and also taught a new dialectical idiom. And into the bargain to try and make this culture-in-the-bud as isolated as possible from other contemporary influences except in so far as they can be criticized. Real cultural developments have usually taken place in an atmosphere of interplaying ideas. Foreign classics are, of course, admitted—Chaucer, Shakespeare, Dante, Defoe, Fielding, Balzac, Maupassant, Burns, and others who answer the Soviet definition of realism ; and a few contemporary authors—James Aldridge and J. B. Priestley,[4] for example ; but the build-up on the whole is for strong native, multi-national Soviet Socialist tradition, which is to confront and astonish the world one day in its pristine purity. There must be some subconscious wish-fulfilment in operation here of that Russian nineteenth century debate which posed the question : ' Hau Russia a culture of her own ? ' Now she *was* going to have an original and indigenous culture which would also affect the whole world So we read between the lines and on them. But forbidden fruits are always alluring and God alone knows what ravages ' corrupting Western influences might not wreak if the critical vigilance were relaxed. And so they go on building their tradition and increasing their dialectical awareness. And since we are beginning to get used to a state of emergency ourselves, we should remember that the Soviet Union has been living in one for at least thirty years. It is difficult to estimate the psychological effect of that.

But the gulf created by this strict and absolute adherence to theory has a recent history which is worth examining. The theory as it now stands was revised and codified in the 1930's with the publication of *The History of the C.P.S.U.* (*B*) in 1938. This work contains the all-important chapter by Stalin himself on ' Dialectical and Historical Materialism ', and in it the theory is summed up as an instrument of action. All the stress is on the application of the theory in practice, on the unity of theory and practice. The claim is also made that this

But Mr. Priestley is not without his critics there. One of them finds in him ' a complete absence of interest towards social problems and the causes of all human suffering.' (E. Oussievich in *The Traits of the Hero of our Literature.*)

theory is a scientific guide to the laws of social development and that it must be applied not mechanically but as a fundamental principle in dealing with the dynamic problems of reality, that is, 'in their revolutionary development.' An acceptance of the principle will obviously change one's outlook and with it the pattern of the world; and the theory becomes an instrument for transforming the world. This is the real psychological gulf between the 'new' will-to-change and the 'old' (adapt ourselves) world. Soviet literature is now largely subordinated to this theory, which has been revived with added emphasis and force in 1946.

The reforms of 1946 were in no sense a revision of theory as those of the 1930's had been. They were merely an attempt to make the theoretical propositions more effective after a period of war in which national sentiments and even a certain mild re-orientation towards the West had had an opportunity to manifest themselves, just as in agriculture, for example, there had been a marked tendency for individuals to encroach upon the collective farm land. Nor should it be forgotten that for several years a considerable portion of the Soviet Union was actually under foreign domination. In the circumstances, it is not altogether surprising to find the Party line reasserted more strongly than ever, disappointing though it may be to see barriers being erected against freer intercourse with the allied West; but, as we know, a high degree of tension had developed instead. The stress has, therefore, been all on 'political education' and political awareness, and the type of work most encouraged has been that on the lines of Fadeyev's novel, *The Young Guard* or Simonov's recent play, *The Russian Question*, which discusses the reactions of the American Press to Russian problems. This topical sort of work, with a sharp political moral, is obviously considered the best practical expression of the actual application of theory to problems of current reality. This is regarded as proof not only of ideological awareness but also of an historical sense in the writer. At the same time it fulfils an educative function—that of 'raising the cultural level and awareness of the masses'. In theory wholly, and in practice with exceptions, this is what the function of Soviet literature has now become. This literature has, in fact, been integrated into the activities of the State in much the same way as science has been. Of course, science is also beginning to be integrated into the State in the West. In the Soviet Union equal importance is attached to literature, and the theory of integration is a total one. But even in the Soviet Union literary activity is more difficult to integrate than science; it is far less calculable and more deeply embedded in the history and traditions of spiritual struggles. And so the path of the identity of theory and practice has been strewn with major and minor heresies.

We have quoted Fadeyev's novel and Simonov's play as the official ideal of Soviet literature after 1946, just as the plays, Korneychuk's *Front*, Leonov's *Invasion* and Simonov's *Russian Folk*, represented

the same wartime ideal. By way of contrast, we shall survey some of the heretical trends during the war, and up to the summer of 1946, when they were all 'exposed'. We have already dealt with the major heresy, Zoshchenko's. In 1944, Fedin had also been criticized for writing a book, *Gorky With Us*, about Gorky and the early Soviet literary scene, without stressing the process of social transformation which had been going on and for describing certain authors, like Remizov, who had been cast out of the social system. This is an important case for demonstrating the differences between the official Soviet theory of criticism and the traditional Western notion ; for the Soviet critic must not attempt to be 'objective' and balanced, but rather he must stake all he has got on the social horse he wants to win the race ; he must in fact help it to win by demonstrating the logic of such a result. That is his Socialist Realist function—to help and create a particular reality just as collectivized agriculture was created out of another system by a radical elimination of the old. It is a dynamic emphasis on *making*, rather than on *being*. From this point of view, a rough version of the right moral is better than a polished one of a wrong moral. The delight in or preoccupation with form or with any one aspect of a work to the exclusion of the message affirmed is regarded as mere aestheticism or 'formalism' ; it does not help to transform the world. Such is the essence of this attitude. And from whichever angle we examine the problem we always come back to the same simple proposition. The core of the theory is so simple that most people miss the point of it, for instead of complex thinking it presupposes a limitation of consciousness and the range of desires, and an absolute concentration on selected objectives. One could call it a form of inverted monasticism by which God is *not* contemplated but social relations *are* transformed.

The monastic parallel is not so far-fetched, for it is given credence by the Party discipline, the belief in the efficacy of theory, the insistence on unity (the spirit as a function of matter too), and the fact that the precursor heroes, like Rachmetov in the novel *What Is To Be Done?* by Chernyshevsky, take up an ascetic attitude to life as a means of preliminary salvation from their environment, that is, from the society which they wish to discard. Looking at the whole panorama in historical perspective, one might plot a development in general terms something like this : (1) in the medieval Christian West the accent was on God, and a tension was created between man and the *Divine* object of his contemplation ; (2) with the schism and the social revolution of the sixteenth century, the dynamic resulting from this tension operates on the material plane, *i.e.*, the discovery of the world, the discovery of nature, accent on commerce and money-making ; in the nineteenth century the dynamic was ultimately transformed into power and embodied in machinery ; hence a growing complexity of social life, the antagonism between the individual and society, the disintegration of older social forms ;

(3) nineteenth century Russia inherited the Western dynamic and began to absorb these Western trends, but this was accompanied by a revolt of the Russian spirit (Dostoievsky, Tolstoy, etc.); there was a resistance to digesting nineteenth century European 'decadence and unspirituality'; with the emergence of a nineteenth century positive and utilitarian philosophy, the acceptance of Marxism, the rise of the Bolshevik party, the problem became one not only of eliminating the so-called 'Western rot', and especially the commercial spirit, but also that of hastening its prophesied decline in the West itself and its dependencies, and of substituting in its place a new 'non-commercial' Communist ethos with the assistance of a theory originally derived from the West and partaking of its dynamic, but now psychologically fused with the Russian spirit. Is it any wonder there is tension now between the two different forms of the same dynamic as represented by the Soviet Union and the United States, the former symbolized by a wilful ascetic and the other by an energetic, in a world that has lost its medieval sense of the possible harmony of orders and values?

But to return to the heresies. Zoshchenko's in *Before the Sun Rises* and Fedin's in *Gorky With Us* were the most interesting wartime examples. But the Central Committee Resolution of 14th August, 1946, Zhdanov's Report, the pages of *Culture and Life*, the newly published critical review edited by the Department of Propaganda and Agitation of the Central Committee, and the various debates and Resolutions which followed—all these brought to light a whole complex of 'undesirable' trends.

Anna Akhmatova (born 1889) was not only still writing old-world 'salon' poetry but had a circle of youthful admirers and imitators in Leningrad; she was also expelled from the Writer's Union. The poetry of Sadofiev, Kommisarova, and others, exhibited gloom and pessimism (Soviet poetry is usually optimistic in tone, but a strain of pessimism became evident in quite a few poets—Simonov, even towards the end of the war). The works of Jagdfeld and Stein were distinctly aesthetic. Kazin's parody, *The Return of Onyegin*, was a slander on heroic Leningrad. The Leningrad reviews *Zvezda* and *Leningrad* were full of 'empty and apolitical' writing, or, as Zhdanov said, 'a review without direction, helping our enemies to corrupt our youth.' Kirsanov had written a formalist poem while Antokolsky's later poems had been full of anguish. A play of Valery Grossman had expounded an alien philosophy. The reportage of Agapov and Guss showed an uncritical attitude to the West. A number of critics had praised Zoshchenko and Akhmatova. Tarasenko had misled readers by writing a positive appreciation of Pasternak's poetry, which was really 'apolitical' and should not have been printed, as it was, during the war. The critical articles of Gurvich and Iuzovsky were subjective and aesthetic. Ivanov's novel, *The Taking of Berlin*, was artificially written. Sergeyev-Tsensky's attitude to the past was unhistorical. Some historical

novelists had been escaping into the past. The 'right to make ideological mistakes' was claimed by a Ukraine writer, Petro Panch. There had been a revival of the notion of art for art's sake. Writers and critics had allowed personal friendships and an idea of mistaken solidarity to stand in the way of critical principles. There was *too much admiration for Western literature.* The President of the Writers' Union was at fault in allowing such a situation to grow up. In brief, such was the scene and such the errors suddenly revealed. But literature was not alone. Similar errors were discovered in the theatre, cinema and other spheres.

Zhdanov's was the most significant statement. It may be summed up in three propositions : either one is a Soviet writer, 'an engineer of the soul', or one must get out (out Zoshchenko, Akhmatova !) ; there is no need for 'the most revolutionary literature in the world, to imitate or admire the (decaying) *bourgeois* literature of the West ; the role of Soviet literature is, above all, *educative* and it must help to form a younger generation which is not afraid of any obstacles. Zoshchenko did not answer any of these requirements, and he had not evolved or changed since he had taken up an apolitical attitude in 1922. He had written a number of works 'which were characteristic only for their inability to find in the life of the Soviet people any single positive feature or type.' Did Zoshchenko expect Soviet society to adapt itself to him ? If he was not prepared to *transform himself*, he must get out. It is fairly clear that these decisions are a matter of higher policy, internal and external, and have nothing to do with literature as we still understand it. In the eyes of the ruling powers Zoshchenko had become an 'individualistic' poacher much in the same way as the acquisitive individual farmer. It is not very easy to grasp this total psychological attitude and reasoning. But there it is—not on paper but in operation.

Here we are back to the fundamental idea of the transformed consciousness as a reflection of a transformed society. This is a dramatic situation ; and Soviet literature is right in the centre of what might be a subject of great drama, living it but recording it so far only two-dimensionally. What Zoshchenko is apparently unable to do—to produce the 'positive feature or type', is what is required of Soviet literature. The positive affirmation, the moral, the positive hero, 'the task of helping the State to educate the young properly' and to encourage a bold and adventurous generation, these are the explicit official requirements ; and the Central Committee Resolution also said that it was a 'literature which could have no other interests but those of the people and the State.' As the critics picture him, the positive hero, that transformed and galvanized Oblomov, is now a *conscious history maker* striding towards 'great perspectives' in an aura of moral sanctity, which no man or ape dare question. (In Zoshchenko's story the ape had concluded that the zoo was a better place than the world outside.) And so the state of emergency in the Soviet Union continues and it has also begun

elsewhere. And as we have said, this state of emergency implies and involves a limitation of consciousness.

The general trend in both the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. is to make of literature a means to an end, whether the end be commercial or political. In this sense literature is being forced into an arena of power competition and conflict. What remains of the humanist tradition or of any independent literary activity is now perilously poised between these two giants, who are staking their claims to world power with scant evidence of any sense of spiritual responsibility. And the situation grows worse as they begin to sharpen each other's teeth and to exhibit signs of hysteria, a malaise they have in common. There is not much to choose between the *extreme* forms of their simplified mentalities and technical jargons, despite apparent fundamental differences. While the Americans have pushed individualism to an extreme and have lost sight of the notion of the personality, the Russians historically have never been able to produce a satisfactory definition of the relations of the individual to society, and have fallen back upon a more primitive notion of community ; they confuse the idea of thought and action, for in Soviet law thinking evil is equivalent to committing it ; but judging by the recent activities of the ' Un-American ' committee the Americans are also liable to fall into the same confusion. If we examine the history of Russian literature, we are struck by the fact that after, the brief age of Pushkin, the temper of Russian criticism from the 1840's onward is increasingly against the notion of the writer as a detached or, rather, independent creator or observer of society. The realist criticism of Bielinsky, Dobroliubov, and Chernyshevsky, culminated in the critical doctrine of Pisarev, who already in the 1860's argued that the sole criterion for literature was its *usefulness* to society. In claiming these four critics as their ' classics ' the Soviet critics of today have merely accepted these nineteenth century positions and have made them more dialectical and all-embracing. The novel thing about Soviet critics is that they have actual power, the support of the State, and no serious rivals to oppose them.

If we turn to Turgeniev's *Preface*, written in 1879 for a collected edition of his novels (1880), we find him already worried by the question of a writer's independence which he believed to be threatened by critics of the left as well as of the right. As he says in his preface, ' Our criticism, especially of late, cannot claim to be sinless, and the writer who heeds it only runs the danger of wasting his talent. Its chief sin is that it is not free. . . .' And he goes on to say, 'A really talented writer never serves extraneous aims, and finds satisfaction in himself ; the life around him provides him with the content, he is the *concentrated reflection* of it. . . . To submit to a given theme or to put through a programme is something which can be attempted only by those who cannot do anything else.'

Now let us compare Turgeniev's attitude with that of Leonid Leonov, the leading Soviet writer, in 1946. Leonov says, ' We have

entered an age when wars have assumed certain new characteristics. . . . Now guns shoot not only according to the laws of mechanics . . . but also according to force of fundamental ideas. . . . Nowadays, given technical equality, victory will be on the side of those whose ideas are most progressive. . . . It was our literary duty to reveal these fiery ideas by means of a system of creative images. . . . The spectator of today is faced with the greatest problems of the age, upon whose rapid and successful solution depends not only the happiness of the individual citizen or that of the State, but also the very physical existence of mankind. . . . Therefore we must regret the behaviour of those authors who waste their talent on the description of the secondary trifles of everyday life. . . . One of the difficulties we have to consider is how far to allow an "enemy" free speech in our work. . . . A writer is obliged to preserve in his art those political proportions and perspectives which he observes in real life. . . .'

But Leonov has more to say and it touches upon what we have called the limitation of consciousness : 'The climate of the world has changed, other *mechanisms* of human feelings are in action, and they evidently demand other means of portrayal in literature. There is no doubt that the *bacteria* of old feelings, of ancient human passions are still alive : *with us they will disappear sooner* ; in the West they will persist for some time in the dark recesses of the human soul until they will be washed away and dislodged from there by *the purifying waters of the overwhelming social flood.*'[5]

This is the attitude of 1946-7, a more extreme one than that of 1940-45. It is diametrically opposed to Turgeniev's. At its basis we have Pisarev's notion of social utility and the principles of Stalin's dialectical and historical materialism. And over-riding it all is the political situation of the world. In the case of Leonov there is an apocalyptic germ too, derived no doubt from Dostoievsky. We cannot help noting his curious combination of scientific terminology (mechanisms, bacteria) and that biblical chestnut of the *flood*—the purifying cataclysm in this case. What are we to make of this ? Is it merely a writer's fancy ? Or is it a hint that the stage is being set for a final show-down, when the world will divide and the writer have to choose his side ? Is not the very notion of such an inevitable division however realistic it may be, repugnant and a betrayal of humanity from the standpoint of a writer ? Or is this betrayal the essence of the technical and anti-humanist world into which we have already entered ? There is certainly food for reflection in the latest manifestations of Soviet literature and criticism, as there is too in the American attitude to literature[6] and in the pathetic logic of those millionaires, who leave their millions for the further advancement of technical and scientific knowledge and none for the impoverished humanities.

[5] *The Theatre of our Time*, by Leonid Leonov. *Theatre*, No. 10, 1946.
[6] See article 'Books and Ballyhoo' in *The New Statesman and Nation* : 19th April, 1947 ; also 'War against the Writers' : 8th November, 1947.

FROM 'THE TESTE CYCLE'

PAUL VALÉRY

['La Soirée avec Monsieur Teste', from which this extract is taken, was written when the author was twenty-three; the following three pieces of *Le Cycle Teste* not until some thirty years later,—more extracts of which will appear in a subsequent number of this quarterly].

. . . It is exactly three years and three months ago to-night that I was with him at the theatre in a reserved box. I have been thinking about it the whole day. I can see him standing against the gold pillar of the Opera as if he were one with it. He spent the whole time looking down at the theatre, breathing the burning wave at the pit's mouth. He was red in the face.

A colossal girl in brass separated us from a group murmuring together beyond the dazzle. At the heart of the mist, a piece of nude woman shone, as soft as a pebble. Many fans were alive among the light and darkness of the people below, making a foam which reached to the higher lights. My glance picked out a thousand tiny faces, fell upon some sad head, ran along arms, bodies, and was at last burnt up in light.

Everyone was a fixture, with power to move a little. I savoured the system of classification, the almost theoretical simplicity of the gathering, the social order. I had the exquisite feeling that everything breathing within this cube would follow its own laws; send up great circular torches of laughter; show layers of emotion, feeling in masses, intimate, unique things, secret impulses, rise to the unavowable.

I wandered over these ranks of men from line to line in orbits; fancying myself in ideal conjunction with all those having the same malady, the same theory or the same vice.

Some music reached us, grew, then died away. When it had gone, Teste murmured: 'One is only fine or extraordinary in the eyes of others. They are devoured by others.' This last came from the silence between music. Teste breathed. His face enflamed with heat and colour, his broad shoulders, his black self patinated by the lights, the form of his clothed mass thrown up by the huge column, laid hold of me. He lost not a grain of all that was sentient at every moment in all that grandeur of red and gold.

I studied this head leaning against the angle of the capital, that right hand cooling itself on the gilding, and in the purple shadows two big feet. From the depths of the theatre his glance returned to me and his lips said: 'Discipline is not a bad thing; it is a small beginning. . . .'

I could not think of an answer. He said in his deep, rapid voice: 'Let them enjoy and obey.'

For a long time he fixed a young man ahead of us, then a woman, then a whole group in the upper galleries, which over-lapped the balcony by five or six shining faces, and then everybody, the whole theatre, as full as the skies ardently fascinated by the play we could not see. The apparent stupidity of the others told us that something sublime was about to happen. We watched the daylight born of all those faces die down in the theatre. Then when it was very low, and light beamed no more, nothing stayed but the vast phosphorescence of these thousand faces. The twilight I felt, reduced all these beings to passivity.

Their attention and the growing obscurity formed a continuous equilibrium. I was forced to be attentive—to all that attention.

Teste said : ' They are simplified by the supreme. I'll wager you they are thinking more and more towards the same thing. Before a crisis, beyond the limits of the ordinary, they would be as one. Apart from that the law is not so simple, since it overlooks me . . . and I am here.'

' The light holds them,' he added. ' You too,' I said laughing. 'And you,' he replied.

' What a dramatist you would make ! ' I told him : ' You seem to be looking out on to some experience beyond the confines of all science. I should like to see a theatre inspired by your meditations.'

He said : ' Nobody meditates.'

We fled before the applause and the full light. . . .

* * *

. . . ' Stay a little,' he said, ' you are not bored. I am going to bed. In a few moments I shall be asleep. Take the candle with you when you go down.'

He undressed quietly. His dry body bathed in sheets and was as still as death. Then he turned over and buried himself deeper in the too short bed.

Then smiling, ' I'm riding on a plank. I'm floating ! I can feel an impalpable rolling underneath—it is a sort of vast motion. I love to navigate the night and never sleep more than an hour or two. Often my thoughts before sleep are no longer clear. I cannot say if I have slept. Other times, growing drowsy, I have thought of all who had given me pleasure, faces, things, moments. I brought them back so that thought should be as sweet as it could be, soft as the bed. I am old—I can show you how old I feel. Remember this ! When we are children we *discover* ourselves, discover slowly the surface of our bodies and express the special nature of our body by a series of efforts, as it were ; we twist ourselves and find ourself again where we meet, and are astonished. We touch our heel, we take our right foot in the left hand, receiving the cold foot in the warm palm ! Now I know myself by heart, and my heart, too. Bah ! the whole earth is marked out, and there are all banners over all territories. There remains my bed. I love this tide of sleep and linen, this linen

that extends and folds and rustles, that falls like sand when I lie still, that curdles round me in sleep. It's a very complex mechanism. Just as with the warp and weft, the least deformation—ah ! '

He was in pain.

' What is the matter ? ' I asked, ' can I——'

' Nothing much is the matter,' he said, ' I have—just a tenth of a second—Wait ! There are moments when my body lights up—it's so curious. All of a sudden I see inside myself—I distinguish the depths of my flesh's layers : and I feel zones of pain, rings, poles, tufts of pain. Can you see these bright figures ? this geometry of my pain ? Some of these flashes are just like ideas. They inform me—from here to there—and yet they leave me in doubt. Doubt is not the word—when *that* is about to come I discover something in me confused or diffused. Places—misty places come into being inside, reaches appear. Then I take out of memory some question, or problem. I tackle it—I count grains of sand—and as long as I see them—my growing pain compels me to observe them. I think about them !—I wait on my own cry—and as soon as I hear it—the object, the terrible object, growing smaller and smaller vanishes from my inward sight—What can a man do ? I tackle everything, apart from my body's pain, above a certain grandeur. That's just where I have to begin. Because to suffer is to give a certain thing supreme attention ; and I am in some degree an attentive man. You know, I foresaw future illness. I thought with precision on what everyone is sure about. I believe that this view out on to a very evident passage of the future should form part of all education. Yes, I foresaw what is beginning now. Then, it was just an idea like any other, and so I could follow it.'

He grew calm.

He leaned over on to one side, lowered his gaze, and after a minute spoke anew. He began to lose consciousness, his voice was only a murmur from the pillow. Already his red hand slept.

He carried on : ' I think, and that does no harm. I am alone : what comfort in solitude ! Soft things have no weight—here are the same dreams as in the cabin of a ship, or in the Café Lambert. Should Bertha's arms assume importance, well then I am robbed, as if by pain. Whoever speaks to me, yet cannot prove himself, is an enemy. Give me rather the spark of the least fact. I am being, seeing me, seeing me seeing myself and thus to. . . . Let us think a little more closely. Bah ! one goes to sleep over any subject . . . sleep will carry on any idea you please——'

He snored lightly. Still more lightly I took the candle and crept out.

Translated by MERTON GOULD

AENEAS PONTIFEX

H. J. ROSE

IT is, I take it, generally agreed that Vergil's Aeneas, whatever else he may stand for, is to a great extent the poetical representative of Augustus, his policy, ideals and aims. This thesis has been dealt with often and ably by various critics from different points of view, and I do not propose to recapitulate anything they have said, but only to concentrate on one side of the matter. Augustus was notoriously much interested in the religion of his country. He was the author of a great revival of at least its outward and official observances ; he introduced new cults, chief among which was the splendid worship of Apollo on the Palatine ; he revived almost forgotten offices, and priesthoods which were fast going out of use for want of anyone to undertake them. Cautiously, and in different ways for different parts of his Empire, he allowed himself to be worshipped, in accordance with Hellenistic usage and precedent, and he encouraged, at least by not checking, those writers who said openly that he was more than human and destined, after the end of his earthly life, to enter upon a heavenly one as a new god. As soon as the position of Pontifex Maximus was vacant by the death of Lepidus, he occupied it (April 28, 742/12), and that he meant to take this step was probably no secret at and before the time of the death of Vergil (735/19). It therefore seems worthwhile to enquire if and to what extent Aeneas is made to behave like a pontiff, in other words like the head, or one of the heads, of a State religion on something like Roman lines.

To guide us in this matter, let us first consider in what the duties of the pontiffs consisted. They were, like all the Roman clergy, first and foremost officials of the State. As Wissowa rightly says, 'Wie der ganze Staatskult ein Zweig der Staatsverwaltung ist, so sind die Priester Organe dieser Verwaltung, bestimmt zur Ausführung der laufenden, der Gemeinde obliegenden Leistungen an die Gottheit und zur Pflege und Bewahrung der für den Verkehr mit der Gottheit massgebenden Traditionen und Satzungen.'[1] This sound principle should have warned him against his rash conclusion 'so muss ursprünglich die Priesterwürde mit der Magistratur unvereinbar gewesen sein',[2] although, with his usual honesty, he

[1] *Religion und Kultus der Römer*, ed. 2 [RKR], 480. 'As the entire State cult is a branch of the executive, the priests are organs of that executive, specifically employed in fulfilling the current obligations of the community towards Deity and the care and preservation of the traditions and regulations which governed relations with Deity'.

[2] RKR, *ibid.*, 'so originally the priesthood must have been incapable of being held along with a secular magistracy'.

admits that this was never fully the case for anyone but the Rex Sacrorum. This is the very official for whom we can most easily explain why his powers were never, in historical times, anything but sacerdotal. The real kings, according to a tradition patently right in its essentials, were priests as well. As Livy says, 'ipse [Numa] plurima sacra obibat, ea maxime quae nunc ad Dialem flaminem pertinent.'[3] That the Republican magistrates were priests was very obvious from their dress, for they shared with boys of good family, who were servers or acolytes, *camilli*, to their fathers as soon as they were old enough, the traditional dress of that function, the *toga praetexta*, hence Cicero's little joke about the two great overgrown schoolboys, *grandes praetextati*, meaning Hirtius and Pansa, the consuls, who were practising rhetoric with him.[4] That the tribunes of the plebs wore no *praetexta* was one of several signs that they were not really magistrates, as indeed, being plebeians, they originally could not have been.[5] A Roman king, then, was also a Roman priest. But the State had decided that there should be no more kings, in the political sense at any rate; the gods, however, must be served, and there were rites which only a king could perform. The answer of Roman common-sense and logic was obvious. Let there be a king, since the gods needed him, but let him have no secular functions, since men had no further use for him. So a patrician was set apart as needed to bear the title of *rex* and devote himself to the State cult. On three days of the year he appeared before the folk-moot as his predecessors had doubtless done, and they were unchancy and even-numbered, the Regifugium of February 24 and the two days, March 24 and May 24, which bear the mark Q(uando) R(ex) C(omitiauit) F(as). Thus Wissowa's example of the enforcing of his supposed principle of separation between magistracy and priesthood really points in the opposite direction. The rule for the Romans, 'religiosissimi mortales'[6] ('the most scrupulously pious of mankind') and as little priest-ridden as even the Greeks, was that magistrate and priest are one, in other words he who may speak for the State to men, natives or foreigners, may do so likewise to the gods. The distribution of functions between pontiffs, for instance, and consuls was nothing more than convenience, like the distribution of functions between the same consuls and the praetors, quaestors and so forth.

A pontiff, then, was a special kind of magistrate whose business it was to do certain things relating to cult, much as an aedile was a special kind of magistrate whose business it was to see, among other matters, to the decent and orderly management of the public

[3] Livy, I, 20, 1, 'he [Numa] himself performed many sacred rites, especially those which now are within the province of the *flamen Dialis*.'

[4] Suetonius, *de rhet.*, 1 [Cicero declamitauit] senior quoque et quidem cum consulibus Hirtio et Pansa, quos discipulos et grandis praetextatos uocabat.

[5] Plutarch, *Quaest. Rom.* 81, and Rose *ad loc.*

[6] Sallust, *Cat.* 12, 3.

markets. To guide him in performing his functions he had a considerable literature, at all events in historical times, the *libri pontificales*,[7] *libri pontificii*, or whichever of a number of titles, none probably official, we prefer to use. So the successive *praetores peregrini* had for their guidance the edicts of their predecessors, which in time hardened into the *edictum perpetuum*. On the strength of these the pontiffs could, no doubt assisted by any other helps they saw fit to use, on occasion issue a finding *decretum* concerning a ritual point. Thus in Tiberius' time, Servius Maluginensis, who had been consul twelve years earlier and was *flamen Dialis*, claimed that he had a right to become proconsul of Asia, which would automatically fall to him in normal circumstances, since the other consular senatorial province, Africa, had already been assigned to Junius Blaesus. He pointed out that the pontiffs had on occasion, indeed once for so long as seventy-five years, themselves carried out the necessary rites which the great flamens were supposed to undertake, and therefore could do so for one year without injury to the religious life of the State. He supported his case by appealing to the absence of any enactment, civil or religious, prohibiting the holder of his office from leaving Italy, and declared that nothing but a popular error, reinforced by unworthy political manoevures of the bad old days before the Empire, stood in his way. After some discussion, Tiberius, no doubt in his capacity of chief pontiff, referred the question to the pontifical college, and in due course he promulgated their finding, which was, that a regulation of the time of Augustus forbade the absence of the *flamen Dialis* for longer than two nights, even for reasons of health and by permission of the Pontifex Maximus, oftener than twice a year and that not on days of State ceremonies. Asia therefore passed to the consular next senior to Servius.[8] The details of this affair are worth a little attention; Tiberius made no decision on his own responsibility, although Senatorial politeness suggested 'ut pontificis maximi sententiam opperirentur'[9] ('that the opinion of the chief Pontiff be awaited'). No pontiff is mentioned as taking part in the debate; the only speaker except Servius and Tiberius who is named is Lentulus the augur, Cn. Cornelius Cn. f. Lentulus, who no doubt droned and stuttered to the boredom of the patient Senate, for if we may believe Seneca, 'ingenii fuit sterilis, tam pusilli quam animi. cum esset auarissimus, nummos citius emittebat quam uerba, tanta illi inopia erat sermonis.' (He had an unproductive mind, as petty as his spirit. Greedy of gain though he was, he was freer of his money than of his words, so lacking he was in natural

[7] For the best discussion of this literature see G. Rohde, *Die Kultsatzunge der römischen Pontifices* (RGVV XXV, Berlin, 1936).

[8] Tacitus, *Ann.* III, 58, I—59, 1; 71, 3-4.

[9] *Ibid.*, 59, 1; Tiberius, with his usual correctness, *dilata notione*, proceeded to other business and reported later, after consulting his colleagues. The date was 775/22.

powers of speech.')[10] But his official position gave him some right to speak as an expert on matters of cult, though the decision was not in his hands or in those of his own college. The pontiffs acted as repositories of tradition, ancient and modern, and their business was to look up a precedent for or against the claim made by Servius. This they did by citing the decision of a former Pontifex Maximus, no doubt *ex sententia collegii.* They certainly claimed no plenary inspiration and apparently no great specialist knowledge; they fell back on their precedents, having easy and official access to the records of their predecessors in office. Contrast the procedure of the more technical boards, the Quindecimuiri, whose oracular deposit was not available even to themselves except by direction of the competent secular authority, or the Augures, who had indeed written works at their disposal, but did not entrust all their proceedings to them, witness the statement of Verrius Flaccus which has filtered down to us through Festus[11] and Paulus concerning a certain rite performed by them on the Arx, 'adeo remotum a notitia uulgari ut ne litteris quidem mandetur sed per memoriam successorum celebretur.' ('so far from being commonly known that it is not even written down but celebrated from the memory of succeeding officiants'). It does not of course follow that they had no technical knowledge of their own, indeed originally they must have had, though it was well-nigh forgotten by the general public in historical times, if not by the pontiffs themselves. They are originally the Bridge-builders, who knew the right magic to prevent the Tiber (or Albula, to give the river its ancient sacral name)[12] being angry if men presumed to put a wooden structure across his waters and so look down on him as they crossed it. Some of this ritual persisted into historical times, but no one, apparently, knew any longer what it was all about. Dionysios of Halikarnassos gives the fullest account of it: *τοῦτο δὲ καὶ μέχρις ἐμοῦ ἔτι διετέλουν Ῥωμαῖοι δρῶντες μικρὸν ὕστερον ἐαρινῆς ἰσημερίας ἐν μηνὶ Μαΐῳ ταῖς καλουμέναις εἰδοῖς, διχομηνίδα βουλόμενοι ταύτην εἶναι τὴν ἡμέραν, ἐν ᾧ προθύσαντες ἱερὰ τὰ κατὰ τοὺς νόμους οἱ καλούμενοι Ποντίφικες, ἱερέων οἱ διαφανέστατοι, καὶ σὺν αὐτοῖς αἱ τὸ ἀθάνατον πῦρ διαφυλάττουσαι παρθένοι, στρατηγοί τε καὶ τῶν ἄλλων πολιτῶν οὓς παρεῖναι ταῖς ἱερουργίαις θέμις εἴδωλα μορφαῖς ἀνθρώπων εἰκασμένα τριάκοντα τὸν ἀριθμὸν ἀπὸ τῆς ἱερᾶς γεφύρας βάλλουσιν εἰς τὸ ῥεῦμα τοῦ Τιβέριος, Ἀργείους αὐτὰ καλοῦντες.*[13]

('This the Romans continued still to do even in my day, not long after the spring equinox, in the month of May, on the date called the Ides, which as they will have it is full moon [it was really May 14, *pridie Idus*][14] on which, after certain preliminary sacrifices according to their laws, the so-called Pontiffs, that is to say the most distinguished of the clergy, and with them the virgins who guard the everlasting fire, also praetors and other citizens whose presence is lawful at the holy rites,

[10] Seneca, *de beneficiis*, II, 27, 1.
[11] Festus, p. 15, 2 Lindsay.
[12] Verg., *A.* VIII, 330 and Servius there and III, 500. It is one of the old *alb-* or *alp-* names found up and down Europe; qu. 'mountain-stream?'
[13] Dion. Hal., *Antiquit.* I, 27, 3.
[14] Ovid, *Fast.* V, 621.

cast into the stream of the Tiber images in the likeness of human beings, thirty [really twenty-seven][15] in number, from the Sacred Bridge [the Pons Sublicius] ; these they call Argei.')

Sir J. G. Frazer has, I think, once and for all cleared up the difficulties of this rite,[16] getting rid, not only of the mad idea of Wissowa, extraordinary in a man of his learning and calm good sense,[17] that it was not very old, when every detail of it is hoary with antiquity, but also of the much more plausible theory, which I admit took me in for some time, that the puppets are vegetation-spirits somewhat of the Jack-in-the-Green type. They are in reality surrogate sacrifices, conceivably, though unlikely, substitutes for actual human sacrifices, thrown into the river to content it and glut its appetite for victims.

> ' River of Dart, oh river of Dart,
> Every year thou claimest a heart.'

Presumably it would not claim a second. How it was decided that the Tiber claimed exactly twenty-seven each year, we do not know ; perhaps it really wanted three, and by multiplying that again and yet again, the little difference between a bundle of rushes[18] shaped roughly like a man and a real human being would be easier to gloss over. In any case, this is the only bit of magic we know that the pontiffs practised, and even there they needed the help of the Vestal Virgins, who did the actual throwing.[19] It was, if not exactly black, at least rather dark-coloured and uncanny, hence its occurrence on an unlucky, even-numbered day, like that other doubtful performance, the Regifugium (February 24), at which clearly something distinctly unchancy was stirred up, else why should the king take to his heels to avoid it ?

I do not know if it is more than a coincidence that Aeneas, who throughout the poem has nothing to do with magic, on one occasion practises a bit of it, in the thick of battle and with some help from Achates :

> fidum Aeneas adfatur Achaten ;[20]
> suggere tela mihi, non ullum dextera frustra
> torserit in Rutulos, steterunt quae in corpore Graium
> Iliacis campis.

(' quoth Aeneas to his faithful Achates, Bring me javelins ; not one of those which stuck in the bodies of Greeks on the plains of Troy shall my right hand hurl in vain against the Rutulians.)

A weapon which has killed a man already is much more deadly than if it were new. In Aeneas' case the formula is quite effective,

[15] Varro, *L.L.* V, 45.
[16] *Fasti of Ovid*, Vol. IV, 74, 599.
[17] Wissowa in RE, art. *Argei*=*Gesammelte Abhandlungen*, p. 211 *sqq.*
[18] Ovid, *loc. cit.*, tum quoque priscorum uirgo simulacra uirorum/mittere roboreo scirpea ponte solet, (' then also the [Vestal] Virgin is wont to drop from the Wooden Bridge images of rushes in the likeness of men of old days.')
[19] Ovid, *ibid.*
[20] *A.* X, 333.

for he kills one man and disables another with his first throw, and even in the weaker hand of one of his opponents the same missile comes near to doing damage when pulled out again and returned :

> tum Numiter iaculo fratris de corpore rapto
> Aenean petiit, sed non et figere contra
> est licitum, magnique femur perstrinxit Achatae.[21]

(' then Numitor tore out the dart from his brother's corpse and aimed it at Aeneas, but it was not granted him to pierce him in return , it did but graze the thigh of tall Achates.')

Aeneas may not even have known that it was magic ; Servius did not, for he says merely that the weapons in question were ' iam . . . caede hostium comprobata', that is the fact that they had gone straight to the mark before showed that they were well made. But used weapons which had killed someone or something had their value in ancient magical procedure, as Pliny makes clear. If a woman is in childbed and delivery is hard, the desired result can at once be attained if a spear or other missile, which in three throws has killed a man, a boar and a bear, is flung over the house in which she lies. An ordinary javelin (*hasta uelitaris*) will do, if taken straight from the body of a man it has struck and not allowed to touch the ground, that universal conductor of magical influences, which will spoil well-nigh any charm by its wasteful contact.[22] Now if a weapon which has killed can drive off the evil influences which make against fertility (and devils of all ages and countries take a great deal of killing) it is surely natural to suppose that it will perform its far more usual task of wounding the enemy at whom it is thrown. It is different with arrows taken from the bodies of their victims,[23] for they are love-charms if put under the bed of the person to be affected ; naturally enough since they, and not javelins, are the weapons of Eros, and so are the best substitute humanity can get for one of the god's own bloodstained shafts.[24] *La corde du pendu*, again, can be used for most innocent purposes.[25] But we may be very sure that Lucan's Erichtho did not collect cross-nails for anything so harmless[26]; she was a born killer, if ever there was one, though it is true that this ghastly material could be used to make a ring which would scare off bogies.[27] But generally,

[21] *A.* X, 342.
[22] Pliny, *Naturalis Historia*, XXVIII, 33.
[23] *Ibid*, 34.
[24] Horace, *Odes* II, 8, 14 : Cupido semper ardentis acuens sagittas cote cruenta, (' Cupid ever sharpening his burning arrows on a blood-dabbled whetstone.')
[25] Palladius, *de agricultura* I, 24 : non pereunt et neque locum deserunt [sc., columbae] si per omnes fenestras aliquid de strangulati hominis loro aut uinculo aut fune suspendas, ' they [doves] will not die out and also not desert the dovecote if you hang in every entrance to it a bit of the strap, bond or rope with which a man has been choked.'
[26] Lucan, VI, 547.
[27] Lucian, *Philopseudes* 17.

the better sort of ancients use magic little. Dido strikes the right note when she says :

> testor, cara, deos et te, germana, tuumque
> dulce caput, magicas inuitam accingier artis.[28]

(' dear sister, I swear by the gods and by thine own sweet self that it is against my will I set about arts of magic.')

And Propertius was having an affair with a *libertina* when he wrote perhaps the most perfect expression in Latin poetry of grey hopelessness,

> deficiunt magico torti sub carmine rhombi,[29]
> et iacet exstincto laurus adusta foco.

(' The magic wheels turned while the spell was sung are stilled, and the scorched laurel lies on the cold hearth.')

Let us therefore return to more pontifical activity.

It is fairly plain from the passage already quoted concerning the precedent set by Augustus regarding the *flamen Dialis* that the college kept some sort of archives with minutes or other memoranda of former meetings. By consulting these, they could learn what to do in all manner of unusual circumstances. Plutarch[30] had heard of a case in which the *flamen Dialis* wanted to do that unheard-of thing, divorce his *flaminica*. It was referred to the then Pontifex Maximus, Domitian, who was apparently much interested in religion, though his morals were not of the highest. He allowed it, and consequently, says our author, ' the priests [he does not say which ones] . . . . went through numerous horrible, extraordinary, and dismal rites.' Clearly these proceedings rested on some kind of precedent, however much Domitian's taste for the bizarre and ghastly (a Vestal went to the Campus Sceleratus in his time, probably on a trumped-up charge)[31] may have coloured it.

On the strength of such precedents, whether written or not, the Pontifex Maximus could exercise a certain limited amount of discipline over the rest of the clergy. He could beat a delinquent Vestal (we know only of the offence of letting the holy fire go out,

[28] *A.* IV, 492.

[29] Propertius II, 28, 35. But I much doubt if the lines belong there. They describe a well-known love-charm, cf., e.g., Theokritos II, 23-31, and Propertius' trouble here is Cynthia's illness, not her coldness. Are they not rather the opening lines of a lost poem on a theme like III, 6, 25, but describing unsuccessful, not triumphant magic ?

[30] *Quaestiones Romanae* 50 (*Moralia* 276e), with my notes, *Roman Questions of Plutarch*, p. 191.

[31] Pliny, *Epp.* IV, 11, 6 : cum [Domitianus] Corneliam, Vestalem maximam, defodere uiuam concupisset, ut qui inlustrari saeculum suum eius modi exemplo arbitraretur, pontificis maximi iure seu potius immanitate tyranni, licentia domini, reliquos pontifices non in Regiam sed in Albanam uillam conuocauit nec minore scelere quam quod ulcisci uidebatur, absentem inauditamque damnauit incesti . . . . (7) missi statim pontifices qui defodiendam necandamque curarent. illa . . . . ad supplicium, nescio an innocens, certe tamquam innocens ducta est.

but possibly other sins met with a like penance),[32] fine even such senior members as the Rex and the great *flamines*[33], although with the usual right of appeal to the people,[34] and he, together with the other pontiffs, on occasion passed sentence of entombment on an unchaste priestess of Vesta,[35] when they met in the Regia, evidently a last remnant of old days when the King, before subjecting his daughter, or one who stood to him for sacral purposes in the position of a daughter, to this grisly ordeal, sought the advice of the most learned of his priests.[36]

To sum up, the Pontiffs had much of the character of an ecclesiastical court presided over by a bishop; they were the repositories of the relevant traditions, which no doubt in the earliest times were mostly handed down by word of mouth; it was their business to see, apart from their own bridge-building ceremonial, which cannot have been often needed,[37] that the State cult was carried out in the proper manner, with no irregularities. Let us now consider whether or not Vettius Praetextatus, in Macrobius,[38] goes too far when he says, in the words which furnish this essay with its title, 'pontificem Aenean . . . . [Vergilius] ostendit.' It is true that the worthy Vettius, or Macrobius for him, uses some very fanciful reasoning. For instance, when Aeneas says to Venus :[39]

> et uacet annales nostrorum audire laborum,
> ('and had you leisure to listen to the history of our trials')

he would have us believe that this is an allusion to that the Annales Maximi, which, as is well known, the pontiffs kept. But an exaggerated and sophistical plea for a thesis does not invalidate it, and it is perhaps profitable to see if a like position cannot be maintained by more sober arguments.

Let us begin with a negative one. We have seen that the pontiffs, apart from their own peculiar magic, were concerned rather with keeping than with originating the Roman liturgies, and perhaps rather with the regulations for the conduct of clergy and laity in sacral matters than with the *sacra* themselves. There is, for instance, no sign that it was any business of theirs in what form of words the Vestals addressed their goddess, or how the *flamen Dialis* prayed to Juppiter. They seem indeed to have kept the *indigitamenta*, which recorded, along with much interesting matter, that the Vestals

[32] References in Wissowa, RKR, p. 508, n. 9, p, 511, n. 3.
[33] *Ibid.*, p. 511, n. 1.
[34] *Ibid.*, nn. 5, 6.
[35] *Ibid.*, n. 4.
[36] For the Regia, see Pliny, quoted in n. 31. I do not spend time and space over the aberrant theory that the Vestals (unmarried and plural !) represented the (one !) wife of the King.
[37] The ceremonial of the Argei occupied altogether three days (March 16 and 17, May 14), Ovid, *Fast.* III, 791-2; V, 621-2. We never hear of pontifices actually building a bridge in historical times.
[38] Macrob., *Sat.* III, 2, 17. The beginning of the book is lost, but it is plain from I, 24, 16, that Vettius is speaking.
[39] *A.* 373, cf. Macrob., *ibid.*

when they invoked Apollo spoke of him as *medicus* and *paean*,[40] and doubtless the long lists of the flamen's tabus which we have come from their archives by one route or another. But these were things which anyone might learn if he wanted to ; there is no sign that they were kept secret, otherwise than as all technical works are secret from the general incuriosity of the half-educated public, ancient or modern. Some secrets there were, or were alleged to be ; it may quite well be true, for instance, that no one outside the priesthood knew the real, that is the official and sacral name, of the tutelary deity of Rome, and that the city itself had a secret name used only in some sacral context which was not revealed.[41] But the impression produced by the many ancient references to the pontifical literature is that no more barriers were placed in the road of a lay student than, for instance, in that of a non-Catholic today who wants to acquaint himself with the liturgy of modern Rome. This applies even to a great part at least of the augural discipline, witness Cicero, who, himself an augur, puts into the mouth of his brother Quintus, who was not, some highly technical details of the omens given by the sacred chickens.[42] Bouché-Leclercq is correct for any epoch of which we have real knowledge when he says, ' Le collège [augural], du reste, ne tenait plus [i.e., towards the end of the Republic] à faire du droit augural un mystère '.[43]

It is of course obvious that Vergil cannot represent Aeneas as turning over volumes of learned priestly lore. The dramatic date of the *Aeneid* is the Heroic Age, and he knew very well that Homer mentions writing but once in the two epics. Therefore he contents himself with making the Sibyl ordinarily write her oracles,[44] a practice which, at Aeneas' request, she does not follow when inspired for his benefit. Also, Aeneas is a Homeric βασιλεύς, and therefore primarily a secular king, though he has sacral functions. This Vergil not only realizes but says almost in so many words. As Aeneas is returning from his successful mission to Euander, bringing his new Etruscan allies, he is met by his own ships, turned now into sea-nymphs. One of them, Cymodocea, catches at the stern of the ship in which he is sailing and calls to him,

> Vigilasne, deum gens
> Aenea ? uigila et uelis immitte rudentis.

> ('Art thou awake, child of the gods, Aeneas ? Be wakeful and let out all sail ')

Here Servius, not for the only time, makes the technical point clear. He says : ' uerba sunt sacrorum : nam uirgines Vestae

[40] Macrob., *Sat.*, I, 17, 15.
[41] Plut. *Mor.*, 278f ; Macr., *Sat.* III, 9, 3. Both rightly take it as a precaution against hostile *euocatio*.
[42] Cic., *de diuin.* I, 27-28.
[43] *Hist. de la Divin.* IV, p. 183.
[44] *A.* III, 444 ; VI, 74.

certa die ibant ad regem sacrorum et dicebant, "uigilasne, rex? uigila." quod Vergilius iure dat Aeneae, quasi et regi et quem ubique et pontificem et sacrorum inducit peritum.'[45] That is, Vergil makes Cymodocea address him as a Vestal of pre-Republican days would speak to the real king of Rome, on whatever occasion it was which is indicated by *certa die*. This is the sacral side of his kingly position; the secular is as strongly emphazised by Euander in commending Pallas to him:

> hunc tibi praeterea, spes et solacia nostri
> Pallanta adiungam; sub te tolerare magistro
> militiam et graue Martis opus, tua cernere facta
> adsuescat, primis et te miretur ab annis.[46]

('furthermore I will give Pallas here, who is my hope and comfort, to go with thee; under thy teaching let him grow accustomed to endure soldiering and the hard toil of war, also to behold thy deeds and admire thee from his early years.')

To put it prosily, he wants his son to carry out his *tirocinium militiae* under so distinguished a man. Aeneas accepts the implied responsibility, and is deeply grieved when Pallas's impetuous valour brings him into fatal contact with Turnus in the first great battle. Incidentally, this episode gives Aeneas, who by hook or crook must somehow manage to have a little of Achilles in him, a substitute for Patroklos consistent with Roman *grauitas*. For post-Homeric fancy had altered that story of valiant knight and faithful squire into a less clean relationship,[47] which it would never do to impute to the forerunner of the Rome which Augustus, or Augustus' propaganda, dreamed of. It also gives Aeneas a good excuse for a short fit of Achillean berserk rage in battle.[48] His capture of human victims for Pallas' funeral is again Achillean, but it also has an Italian background, for such sacrifices either really were or were thought by antiquaries to be the origin of the ever popular gladiatorial shows.[49] Perhaps Aeneas' choice of eight victims instead of the twelve in Homer is dictated by the importance of four as a sacred number in Roman ritual.

However this may be, Aeneas throughout the poem is rather the recipient than the giver of recondite sacral knowledge. Though he does not consult books, he takes the advice of the skillful

[45] *A.* X, 228 and the note of the ancient commentator generally known as Servius: 'Art thou awake, child of the gods, Aeneas? Be wakeful and let out all sail.' 'The words belong to ritual, for the Vestal Virgins on a certain day used to go to the King of the Sacred Rites and say, "Art thou wakeful, O King? Be wakeful." This Vergil properly applies to Aeneas, as being both a king and one whom he always represents as a pontiff and well skilled in ritual.'

[46] *A.* VIII, 514.

[47] E.g., in Aeschylus, fgt. 136. Homer, who of course had heard of homosexuality, a pretty common phenomenon in any age, almost goes out of his way to indicate its absence as between Achilles and Patroklos, *I*, 663 foll.

[48] *A.* X, 513 *sqq.*

[49] *Ibid.*, 517 and Servius ad loc.; cf. Φ 27, Ψ 175.

wherever he finds them. Let us glance through the poem with this in view. In Book I, his first encounter with things supernatural is in the storm, which is, whether he realizes it or not, stirred up by Aeolus at the request of Juno. Save for a vague gesture of prayer followed by no articulate petition, he behaves in the usual ancient and especially Roman way; 'soluuntur frigore membra', 'his limbs are paralysed with chill',[50] in other words he is frightened out of his wits, and laments that he was not killed before Troy. He has some reason to be afraid, for his lubberly pilot allows the ship to be taken aback the next moment,[51] and Vergil is the fellow-countryman of Cicero, who preferred certain assassination to the perils of sea-sickness,[52] and of Seneca, whose moving account of a rather windy few minutes in the Bay of Naples survives to amuse posterity.[53] But later in the book he encounters the first of several epiphanies which occur throughout the poem; Venus meets him, disguised as a Punic girl.[54] Such an experience, however, might befall anyone; it is a sign of divine grace and favour, not of any especial qualifications in the person who sees the wonder. Achates also sees Venus, though it is Aeneas who guesses that she is more than mortal and therefore addresses her with more than the usual Homeric courtesy.[55] Turnus certainly is no pontiff, yet Iris appears in person to him and he recognizes her.[56] Aeneas has had experience of this sort of vision before—after all, Venus is his own mother—and once, though once only, has seen her face to face in all the majesty and beauty of her true form.[57] Aeneas does not even show any particular skill in recognizing what deity it is who favours him. Mercury appears with Juppiter's message bidding him quit Carthage,[58] and he has at least a glimpse of the god before he becomes invisible, but it is clear that he has not recognized him, for when a dream-image exactly like Mercury rouses him from sleep, he does not give it any name, but uses the safe formula with which official prayers were on occasion prefaced, or at least, as Daniel's Servius sees, a poetical equivalent thereof,[59]

sequimur te, sancte deorum,
quisquis es,
('we follow thee, thou holy god, whoever thou art,')

[50] *A.* I, 48 *sqq.*
[51] *Ibid.*, 102-3.
[52] Livy, fgt. 50 Weissenborn (Seneca Rhet., *Suas.* 6, 17); cum modo uenti aduersi rettulissent, modo ipse iactationem nauis caeco uoluente fluctu pati non posset.
[53] Seneca, *Epp.* 53, 1-3.
[54] *A.* I, 314.
[55] *A.* I, 328, 372, cf. § 149 *sqq.*
[56] *A.* IX, 5 *sqq.*
[57] *A.* II, 589.
[58] *A.* IV, 265.
[59] *Ibid.*, 576. Cf. Daniel's Serv. on *A.* II, 351: et pontifices ita precabantur "Iuppiter optime maxime, siue quo alio nomine te appellari uolueris"; nam et ipse ait "sequimur . . . . es".

thus incidentally following the Homeric rule that only the poet, or another god, can tell which deity it is who visits anyone or does anything, apart of course from special revelations, like that of Poseidon to Tyro,[60] or the remarkable case of Odysseus guessing who Hermes is, in a passage where, telling his own adventures, he seems to have acquired something of bardic omniscience.[61] It does occur that, like Aeneas confronted with the disguised Venus, someone with no further qualifications than common sense and powers of observation penetrates a divine disguise. Juno[62] takes the form of old Beroe to induce the Trojan women to fire the ships during the memorial games for Anchises ; another old woman, Pyrgo, notices that the goddess has too bright eyes, too vigorous a voice and too lively movements to be the aged and decrepit dame she professes to be, and remembers that Beroe is ill and cannot come to the formal mourning which the other Trojan women are busied with. The effect is that the women are all the more ready to take the goddess's advice, hence it is to be supposed that Juno purposely made her disguise rather thin and easy to penetrate ; Allecto, when she comes to incite Turnus to make war on Aeneas, is a perfect imitation of old Calybe until she reveals herself to him.[63] Venus, when she brings Aeneas the armour wrought by Vulcan, is not disguised at all ;[64] Juppiter half-reveals himself to the inhabitants of the site of Rome, and the Arkadians at least guess who he is and think they have caught glimpses of him. They no doubt argue from his activities to his personality :

> hoc nemus, hoc, inquit, frondoso uertice collem[65]
> (quis deus incertum est) habitat deus ; Arcades ipsum
> credunt se uidisse Iouem, cum saepe nigrantem
> aegida concuteret dextra nimbosque cieret.

> (' This grove, he said, this leafy hill-top, some god, but which god is uncertain, inhabits ; my Arkadians believe they have seen Juppiter himself often shaking his dark aegis in his right hand and marshalling his clouds.')

It is a hill-top, someone is busy making weather there, who is it likely to be but their own familiar Zeus, who can be seen on occasion gathering clouds on any Arkadian mountain ? The Great Mother makes her presence known when she performs the miracle of the ships,[66] but not in any definite form ; to the astonished mortals who witness the portent she is a glare of light, a cloud, the sound of the songs and dances of her Oriental worship (*Idaei chori*) and then a terrible voice which frightens everyone but Turnus. The beholders are no experts in ritual or theology, but the attackers

[60] λ 252.
[61] κ 277. μ 374 *sqq.* is different, see 389-90.
[62] *A.* V, 620 foll.
[63] *A.* VII, 419 foll.
[64] *A.* VIII, 608.
[65] *Ibid.*, 351.
[66] *A.* IX, 110 foll.

and defenders of a fortified camp. Later in the same engagement, Iulus has a visit from Apollo, who comes, as usual, in the shape of a man known to the boy and vanishes as soon as he has said his say.[67]

From these scenes, then, nothing can be proved. It is perhaps more instructive to watch Aeneas as the recipient of specialists' information. Euander invites him to a service strange to him, that of Hercules at the Ara Maxima.[68] The Arkadian is not, of course, in any way under Aeneas's authority, but Vergil knows that they stand where Rome was one day to be, and it is not too far-fetched to see in the story Euander tells a hint of the time to come when a successor of Aeneas, claiming Trojan blood, should be interested in the encouragement of proper worship in the City and, what decidedly went with it, the suppression of

> uana superstitio ueterumque ignara deorum.
> (' empty superstition knowing naught of the ancient gods.')

For it is not to be forgotten that the official encouragement which barbarian cults got under various Emperors did not come their way while Augustus or his former second-in-command Tiberius was in power. It was not till Caligula that Isis obtained recognition ; Tiberius crucified her priests and tore down her temple.[69] It was Claudius, or so it is supposed, that allowed extensions of the cult of the Magna Mater Idaea.[70] Mithra came later still. So it is very natural that Aeneas, having something of Augustus and a little at least of a pontiff in his complex make-up, should be glad to hear that the cult in which he is taking part is of the most respectable and orthodox kind, instituted in return for a great benefit.[71] The cult-legend (ἱερὸς λόγος) of the altar incidentally gives the poet occasion to produce one of his most brilliant and interesting episodes, the fight with Cacus, and whatever he meant to do with Aeneas as a pontiff, this was doubtless in the forefront of his mind when he planned the eighth book. But there is more matter for our purpose in the hero's interview with another expert, Helenus.[72] A great deal of this is naturally, considering the context, occupied with directions for the forthcoming journey to, or rather towards, Italy. He is not to try landing on the eastward coast, for that is occupied by Greek settlements ; in moving towards the westward side of the peninsula, he is advised to avoid the straits of Messina, with their post-Homeric terrors of Skylla and Charybdis (it was not, of course, till the age of colonization that these monsters had moved out of fairy-land, which is where Odysseus found them), and go around Sicily instead. But several pieces of sacral advice

[67] *A.* IX, 638 *sqq.*
[68] *A.* VIII, 185 *sqq.*
[69] F. Cumont, *Les religions orientales*, ed. 4, pp. 52, 77 *sqq.*, with refs.
[70] *Ibid.*, p. 51.
[71] Cf., e.g., Cicero, *N.D.*, II, 60 ; Lucretius, V, 7 *sqq.*
[72] *A.* III, 374 foll.

are added, as befits the utterance of a great prophet who knows more than he says but is not allowed to reveal it.[73] The chief item is that concerning sacrificial ritual. As long as he is in other countries, apparently, he may continue to make offerings *more Graeco*, but when he reaches Italy, he is to use the *mos Romanus*, and cover his head :

> quin ubi transmissae steterint trans aequora classes
> et positis aris iam uota in litore soluas,
> purpureo uelare comas adopertus amictu,
> ne qua inter sacros ignes in honore deorum
> hostilis facies occurrat et omina turbet.[74]

('Nay, more ; when thy fleet has crossed the sea and is moored, when thine altars are erected and thou payest thy vows on the shore, let a purple-dyed garment veil the hairs of thy head, lest while the holy fire shines and the gods are worshipped the sight of an enemy should meet thee and bring a disturbing omen.')

This is, to my thinking, much more pontifical than the other version of the story, which equally attributes the practice to Aeneas. According to that, Aeneas was sacrificing when Diomedes, or Odysseus, came by, and to shut out the ill omen of an enemy's presence, drew his garment over his head.[75] That is an improvisation, rather alien to the rule-and-line methods of Roman cult ; here we have the ritual laid down beforehand by an expert, who even remembers to indicate the style of dress which the sacrificer is to use, for surely *purpureo amictu* alludes to the magisterial and priestly *praetexta*, as Daniel's Servius holds ;[76] 'purpura maris uicem ad piandum praebet', is his quaint explanation of its ritual use, and in support of Vergil's knowledge of such things he quotes this passage. Furthermore, Helenus is ready with advice as to *indigitamenta* and the *libri fatales*, the very things the pontiffs would wish to know, for their better government of the specialist colleges subordinate to them, or to their chief. As regards the former, he impresses on Aeneas that especial honours must be paid to his divine opponent Juno :

> proque omnibus unum
> praedicam et repetens iterumque iterumque monebo,
> Iunonis magnae primum prece numen adora,
> Iunoni cane uota libens dominamque potentem
> supplicibus supera donis.[77]

('And above all else I have one counsel to give thee, I will warn thee again and again : first bow before the godhead of great Juno and pray to her, to Juno utter thy ready vows and overcome her, our mighty lady, with suppliant gifts.')

[73] *Ibid.*, 379-80.
[74] *Ibid.*, 403.
[75] Dionysios of Halikarnassos, *Antiquitates Romanae, excerpta ex* XII, 16 (22) ; Plutarch, *Moralia*, 266c.
[76] Serv. Dan. on *A.* XII, 169.
[77] *A.* III, 436.

With *magnae* and *dominam* the expert may even be thought to hint at her Capitoline title of Regina. But he is also insistent that Apollo is to be asked for his help :[78]

fata uiam inuenient aderitque uocatus Apollo.

Helenus can hardly recommend Aeneas to get hold of the Sibylline books, then still in the condition of detached leaves, blown about by every wind which entered her cave, but he gives advice which is the Epic equivalent of that, by bidding him consult the Sibyl herself. It is again Helenus who foretells the portent of the sow with her thirty farrow, the material for the first offering which was made to Juno by the Trojans on finally landing in Italy.[79] It is here worthy of note that Aeneas himself has no particular skill in prophecy, or even in the more modest art of interpreting oracles. He has to have the revelation from Apollo, *antiquam exquirite matrem*,[80] explained to him, first by Anchises, who misunderstands it and thinks it means they are to settle in Crete, then by the Penates, who give the true interpretation, that they are to go to Italy.[81] Between the two explanations comes a supernatural warning that something has been done amiss, in the form of a plague, 'arboribusque satisque lues et letifer annus.'[82] Here also neither Aeneas nor his father can do more than suggest a fresh consultation of Apollo, until the Penates intervene. They are not haruspices nor specialists of any kind. On one occasion, indeed, Aeneas does see the meaning of a portent. A sudden lightning-flash and peal of thunder come from a clear sky (*caelo aperto*), followed by a trumpet-peal and the clash of arms. He at once realises that it is meant for him only, but this is because he had been warned in advance :[83]

ne uero, hospes, ne quaere profecto
quem casum portenta ferant ; ego poscor. Olympo
hoc signum cecinit missuram diua creatrix,
si bellum ingrueret, Volcaniaque arma per auras
laturam auxilio.

('Nay now, friend, ask not what hap these portents bring ; I am sought for. From Heaven my goddess-mother prophesied that she would send this sign if wars rose up about me, and through the air would bring me arms of Vulcan's making to be my help.')

Usually, it is not he but someone else who understands, or even remembers, the utterances of inspired seers. It is Dido who is troubled by 'uatum praedicta priorum,'[84] and naturally Euander and

[78] *Ibid.*, 395 ; 'the fates will find a way and Apollo will draw near at thy call.')

[79] *Ibid.*, 388 ; VIII, 81.

[80] *A.* III, 96, 'seek your ancient mother.'

[81] *A.* III, 102 *sqq.*, 147 *sqq.* Notoriously, this is one of the great inconsistencies of the unfinished poem ; II, 781-4, the ghost of Creusa plainly tells Aeneas that he is to settle near the Tiber, re-marry and become king there.

[82] *Ibid.*, 139.

[83] *A.* VIII, 523.

[84] *A.* IV, 464.

not Aeneas who has the oracles of Carmentis at his fingers' ends.[85] Even a warning who concerns him so nearly as the eating of the tables[86] has, in one version of the story (for Vergil never made up his mind whether the foreteller was Anchises or a Harpy), lurked half-forgotten in the back of his consciousness until he sees it fulfilled. It is an Etruscan diviner who bids Tarchon and his followers seek a foreign leader against Mezentius.[87] When he wants to know the future on a large scale, Aeneas naturally has recourse to supernatural wisdom, that of the Sibyl, inspired by Apollo, who tells him what is to happen immediately, and the ghost of his father who acquaints him with some of the principal events and men of Roman history.[88] Vulcan does the same, by portraying them on the shield, but we are not told that Aeneas understood the divine pictures, indeed Vergil states plainly that he was ignorant of their meaning, *rerum ignarus*,[89] and only delighted with the shapes he beheld, *imagine gaudet*. Once or twice his ignorance of such technical matters goes a little too far ; when Cymodocea drives his ship ahead with supernatural speed, [90] one would suppose that he would have guessed what made it move so unusually fast through the water, but the poet's comment is

> stupet inscius ipse
> Tros Anchisiades, animos tamen omine tollit.

(' the Trojan, Anchises' son, himself stood amazed and unaware, albeit he took heart at the omen.')

That is, he could not explain what had happened, but merely saw that it was a good omen, and accordingly prayed to the appropriate deity, Cybele, who, as he had just been told, had saved his ships by miracle and turned them into sea-nymphs. Incidentally, this prayer, allowing for the poetical language in which it is necessarily clothed, is in good ritual style, for it addresses the goddess by something like her full title, *alma parens Idaea deum*, ' thou of Ida, gentle mother of the gods,' i.e., *magna deorum mater Idaea*, continues with a litany of her attributes and then states his immediate wants, help in the coming fight and confirmation of the favourable sign, ending with a reminder that it is one of her own people who addresses her,

> tu mihi nunc pugnae princeps, tu rite propinques
> augurium, Phrygibusque adsis pede, diua, secundo.

[85] *A*. VIII, 336.
[86] *A*. VIII, 122, contrast III, 255.
[87] *A*. VIII, 498 foll.
[88] *A*. VI, 83 foll., 756 foll.
[89] *A*. VIII, 729-31.
[90] *A*. X, 246 foll. I omit in this discussion a few passages in which *omen* means a lucky or unlucky act ; Aeneas, *A*. X, 311, at once kills some of the enemy, *omen pugnae*, on the principle of ' who spills the foremost foeman's life,' etc. Turnus, *A*. XII, 72, bids Amata not send him out to fight *lacrimis neue omine tanto*, with so grave an omen as her tears, i.e., act as if he were dead already.

('Be thou now my leader in the fight, do thou give due fulfilment to this augury and draw near, O goddess, to aid the men of Phrygia.')

This brings us to a more positive point. Although Aeneas is not shown as a great religious expert, he is well enough versed in ritual to be correct in all he does relating to the gods. Naturally, in unusual circumstances he consults those better informed than himself; thus in visiting Hades, a business which hardly falls within the ordinary routine even of a great hero, he has the Sibyl at his side to inform him that he must have the Golden Bough,[91] and then, later, to remind him that his sword has no physical value against the phantoms of the underworld;[92] Odysseus in like case has had the expert instruction of Kirke, simply to sit with his drawn weapon in his hand,[93] but Aeneas seems to misinterpret the Sibyl's appeal to his courage,

tuque inuade uiam uaginaque eripe ferrum;
nunc animis opus, Aenea, nunc pectore firmo.[94]

('Fare forth and draw thy sword from its sheath; now hast thou need of courage, Aeneas, now of a steadfast mind.')

as meaning that he must actually fight the monsters he meets. We have already seen him listening to Euander's abundant stream of local knowledge, historical and sacral,[95] and to the counsels of his father on various matters. But on most occasions his own *pietas* is enough. Let us follow him through the poem with this in view, not indeed excerpting the very numerous passages in which he is called *pius*, but, I hope, not forgetting one of the finest touches in the epic, the moment when he sees and admires his own greatest virtue in Lausus,[96]

quo moriture ruis maioraque uiribus audes?
fallit te incautum pietas tua,

('Whither dost thou rush upon thy death? Why dare what is too much for thy powers? Thy filial love betrayeth thee unawares.')

with its sequel, when something like mediaeval chivalry for a moment intrudes upon the Epic battlefield. Vergil's Aeneas, like Percy,[97] 'took the dead man by the hand, and said "Woe is me for thee"':

ingemuit miserans grauiter dextramque tetendit,
et mentem patriae subiit pietatis imago.

('He groaned in deep pity, with right hand outstretched, while thoughts of his own love for his father touched his mind.')

[91] *A.* VI, 140. This is not the place to discuss what the Bough was or where Vergil had heard of it.
[92] *Ibid.*, 290.
[93] κ 535, λ 48. Odysseus met older ghosts than those in Vergil's underworld, for the most part; bronze was enough to frighten them, iron was not needed.
[94] *A.* VI, 260. Need it be said that Conington merely maunders on this whole passage?
[95] Above, pp. 162 *sq.*, 166.
[96] *A.* X, 811, 823.
[97] *Chevy Chase*, stanza 37.

But let us turn from *pietas* itself to one of its most important expressions, due regard for the decent and lawful cult of recognized divinities.

It is only to be expected that his own native deities should be prominent in Aeneas' ritual. The Trojan penates, the Penates publici of Roman cult, according to the theory which Vergil followed, are one of the leading themes of the whole epic, as everyone who has read it knows.[98] Aeneas is introduced at the very beginning of the poem[99] as bringing his gods with him,

> multa quoque et bello passus dum conderet urbem
> inferretque deos Latio,

> (' many also were his sufferings in war till he should found his city and bring his gods into Latium,')

and at the end, they form his contribution to the new state which is to grow from the alliance of Trojans and Latins,[100]

> sacra deosque dabo ; socer arma Latinus habeto,
> imperium sollemne socer.

> (' The rites and the gods shall be my gift ; let Latinus, my wife's father, keep his arms and his accustomed sovranty.')

And Juppiter himself associates his omnipotent will with the mortal compromise ;[101]

> sermonem Ausonii patrium moresque tenebunt,
> utque est nomen erit ; commixti corpore tantum
> subsident Teucri. morem ritusque sacrorum
> adiciam faciamque omnis uno ore Latinos.

> (' The men of Italy shall keep their fathers' speech and customs, and their name shall be as now it is ; the Trojans shall but be blended with the whole mass and disappear. The fashion and rites of their worship I will add and make them all to be Latins and of one language.')

It is their introduction into Italy which Juno objects to as much as the coming of the Trojans themselves, to judge by her language to Aeolus,[102] and it is they whom Aeneas himself mentions as the one important thing he brings with him from Troy.[103] They are the sacred charge entrusted to him by his ruined city, speaking through the spectral mouth of Hektor :[104]

> ' sacra suosque tibi commendat Troia penatis ;
> hos cape fatorum comites, his moenia quaere
> magna, pererrato statues quae denique ponto.

> (' Troy gives into thy keeping her worship and her Penates ; take these as the partners of thy destiny, for them seek the great city which thou shalt build when thy wanderings on the seas at length are over.')

[98] See G. Wissowa, *Die Überlieferung über die römischen Penaten*, *Hermes* XXII, 29 foll. = *Gesammelte Abhandlungen*, 95 foll.
[99] *A.* I, 5.
[100] *A.* XII, 192.
[101] *Ibid.*, 834.
[102] *A.* I, 68, cf. VIII, 11.
[103] *A.* I, 378.
[104] *A.* II, 293.

Even in his dream, Aeneas remembers what the Penates really are, namely that they include Vesta, for it is she, not the other household deities, whom the ghost seems to give him,

> manibus uittas Vestamque potentem
> aeternumque adytis effert penetralibus ignem.

> ('in his hands he brought out mighty Vesta with her fillets and the undying fire from the inner chamber.')

Exactly how he brought out Vesta, whether in the form of a brazier or (as *uittas* seems to suggest) that of an image, Vergil does not say, but such vagueness is suitable to a dream. That the cult of the *Vesta publica p.R.Q.* was aniconic we know from Ovid,[105] but Vergil, like the younger poet until he learned better, may have thought there was a statue of some kind in her shrine, as there sometimes was in her private cult. However, the main thing is association of the Penates with the hearth-goddess, and Macrobius[106] produces a sound reason for, at all events, deeming Vesta *comitem eorum*, from the ancient ritual of Lavinium, where Roman magistrates at the beginning of their term of office sacrificed 'Penatibus pariter et Vestae.' Further than this Vergil wisely refuses to go; he is writing poetry, not an antiquarian treatise, and therefore avoids what Kallimachos would have jumped at, a discussion as to who the Trojan Penates were, whether identical with the gods of Samothrace or not. They are *patrii*, ancestral objects of Trojan cult, or at all events of the cult of Aeneas' branch of the royal family (if they had not been worshipped by someone of high rank in the state, how could they have attained their position in Rome?),[107] and that is enough for his purposes. Possibly Teukros founded their cult, at all events *Teucros* is what he elsewhere calls them,[108] but that need mean no more than 'Trojan'. Naturally, since they were worshipped in his own house, Aeneas knows their proper ritual; neither they nor any other holy thing may be touched by a warrior just come literally red-handed from a desperate fight until he has gone through the proper ceremony of washing in running water.[109] When they appear to him in a vision by night (he himself says it was no dream),[110] he recognizes their well-known forms, and he is ready with the proper sacrifice to them when the manifestation ends. Perhaps, like a *flamen Dialis*, he slept with the traditional *strues et fertum* beside his bed.[111] His devotion to them is, to Dido in her fury, all part of his hypocrisy,[112] but she could hardly have been expected just then to realize that it was an inseparable part of

[105] Ovid, *Fast.* VI, 295-6, where see Frazer.
[106] *Sat.* III, 4, 11-12.
[107] *A.* II, 717.
[108] *Ibid.*, 147.
[109] *A.* II, 718.
[110] *A.* III, 148 *sqq.*, especially 173, 177.
[111] Aulus Gellius, X, 15, 14. Cf. note 3.
[112] *A.* IV, 598.

the pattern of his life. They have their part in his festivals, and on occasion join with other gods likely to be friendly to them :[113]

> adhibete penatis
> et patrios epulis et quos colit hospes Achates
>
> (' bring to share our feast both the penates of our fathers and those our host Acestes worships ')

is his direction to his fellows when the funeral games and feast in memory of his father are to be duly celebrated. He knows, then, something of their likes and dislikes, and it is perhaps worth noting that he had not introduced them to Dido and her foreign gods ; she has merely heard of them, *secum patrios aiunt portare penatis.* It is for them as much as for himself that he seeks a permanent settlement.[114] His son shows signs of following in his footsteps, for his greatest oath is by them.[115]

This is perhaps the most pontifical thing about Aeneas, when we remember that high importance attached to Vesta and the *penus Vestae* in historical times. Juppiter and the *di penates*, and they alone, were the deities by which Republican magistrates took their oath of office. Their high sacredness and secrecy may be illustrated by the story of the pontiff L. Caecilius Metellus, who gallantly rescued the contents of the *penus Vestae*, but at the cost of his sight (it was the best the goddess could do for him ; he approached, as Ovid rightly says,[116] *non adeunda uiro*, and it would be obvious to the Hellenising commentators of later days that he was in like case with Teiresias, who was smitten with blindness for accidentally seeing the naked body of Athena.[117] That he did lose his sight seems to be a historical fact[118]). But even this tale, celebrated by various authors, was not enough to dispel a popular error, current about Vergil's own time,[119] which seems to furnish a link between his Aeneas and historical Rome. Despite their temples elsewhere, the true home of the Penates publici was the *penus Vestae*, and it

[113] *A.* V, 62.

[114] *A.* VI, 67.

[115] *A.* IX, 258. Here they are called *magni* ; elsewhere their relation to the *magni di* is left uncertain, e.g., *A.* III, 12.

[116] Ovid, *Fast.* VI, 450. For the various accounts of this event, (513/241) see Frazer, *Fasti of Ovid*, Vol. IV, p. 266 sq., with notes ; for ancient speculations as to what was in the *penus*, Marquardt-Wissowa, *Römische Staatsverwaltung*, III, p. 250, n. 7.

[117] Kallimachos, *hymn.* V, 75 *sqq.* Blindness is a lesser death, for in both cases the light of the sun is no longer seen, hence a certain tendency for the two to replace one another in the story of Oedipus. Cf. Hyginus, *fab.* 242, 5, 'Oedipus Laii filius propter Iocasten matrem ipse se occidit ablatis oculis,' with my note and refs. given there.

[118] It is definitely stated by Pliny, *N.H.* VII, 141, with such details as seem to certify its historicity. The other authors do not mention it.

[119] Dion. Hal., *Antiquit.* II, 66, 3, *ἔξω τοῦ πυρὸς ἀπόρρητα τοῖς πολλοῖς ἱερὰ κεῖσθαί τινα ἐν τῷ τεμένει τῆς θεᾶς, ὧν οἵ τε ἱεροφάνται τὴν γνῶσιν ἔχουσι καὶ αἱ παρθένοι*, i.e., the pontiffs and Vestals ; if they knew them, they must have seen then, therefore *Hist. Aug.* XVII (Heliogabalus), 6, 7, ' in penum Vestae, quod solae uirgines solique pontifices adeunt,' is telling the same story.

was imagined that, although no other men might enter that holy place, a pontiff might, and that the pontiffs knew, what no one else did except the Vestals themselves, what was contained therein. It seems quite possible that Vergil was either deceived by this fancy or willing to adopt it for poetical purposes ; if so, the spiritual descendants of Aeneas would have Aeneas' privilege of free access to his own deities.

This, however, is at best but a frail link between Aeneas and the historical pontifices. It is more to the point to notice the general supervision which Vergil's hero proposes to exercise over the cults of his city, once he has founded it. This is implicit in his promise to the Sibyl.[120] If, he says, I succeed in getting a permanent settlement where my Trojan gods and I may rest,

> tum Phoebo et Triuiae solido de marmore templum
> instituam festosque dies de nomine Phoebi.
> te quoque magna manent regnis penetralia nostris ;
> hic ego namque tuas sortis arcanaque fata
> dicta meae genti ponam, lectosque sacrabo,
> alma, uiros.

> then will I rear a shrine all of marble to Phoibos and Her of the Crossroads, and establish feast-days in Phoibos' name. For thee also, gentle priestess, there remains a notable holy place in my kingdom, for there I will put thine oracles and the secrets of fate which are revealed to my people, and I will consecrate chosen keepers thereof.')

He promises, that is, the temples to Apollo which in time included the glorious erection on the Palatine, and implies the safe keeping of the Sibylline books, not, as in Republican days, in the Capitol, but in Apollo's new sanctuary. The date of the transfer is not exactly known, but the temple was dedicated in 726/28, 'in solo priuato', by Augustus, and Wissowa[121] is no doubt right in concluding from this passage and from Tibullus, II, 5, 17[122] that the Emperor did not wait to become Pontifex Maximus to make the transfer, but did it when the temple was new, in his capacity as *magister* of the Quindecimuiri s.f., the college which Aeneas promises to institute. Incidentally, the passage indicates how thoroughly Aeneas can on occasion be Augustus ; Vergil can hardly have imagined that there existed a magnificent marble temple to Apollo or anyone else before Rome was built, and that, on his own chronology,[123] was between three and four centuries after Aeneas' time, and he must have known that the *penetralia* of the Sibyl were not in Apollo's keeping but in that of Juppiter until his own day.

[120] *A.* VI, 69.
[121] RKR, p. 76, n. 1.
[122] 'Phoebe, sacras Messalinum sine tangere chartas/uatis, et ipse precor quid canat illa doce.' Clearly, then, the *libri Sibyllini* are already in Apollo's keeping. It does not seem to be known exactly when Messalinus became a XVuir (he is *nouus sacerdos*, ibid., 1), but obviously before 735/19, the year of Tibullus' death.
[123] *A.* I, 265 *sqq.*

In matters of ordinary ritual, Aeneas always shows himself at home, as a Roman of any position should. It is represented as part of his ordinary language to mention holy things ; thus, when he describes Laomedon's howls of pain and fright, he does not say that he roared like a bull, but

> qualis mugitus, fugit cum saucius aram [124]
> taurus et incertam excussit ceruice securim.

(' such roarings as a bull makes when he flies wounded from an altar, having shaken out the ill-aimed axe from his neck.')

Which is much better, for it suggests something ill-omened, a very sure sign of the wrath of heaven, such as was then impending over the Trojans and their city. His encounter with the ghost of Polydorus, the most grisly thing in the poem (it was my delight when, with a small boy's taste for horrors, I used to gloat over it in Dryden's version) is occasioned by a correct piece of ritual procedure. He is making his first attempt at founding a city, on the site of the future Aineia in Thrace, and naturally sets about offering sacrifice to the appropriate gods, *diuis auspicibus coeptorum operum*, and especially to his mother.[125] This needs an altar, and an altar, as he well knows, ought not to be left bare when it is to be used, but must be garlanded. Aphrodite is the chief deity to be addressed, the others being included perhaps on the general Roman principle that if one god is especially to be worshipped, the rest must nevertheless be mentioned.[126] Therefore he looks about for her plant, the myrtle,[127] and it is in gathering it that he disturbs the rest of his unlucky cousin. He is not yet using Roman ritual, which Vergil represents as being rather of Latin or at all events Italian origin, as indeed it was so far as we can gather, therefore he plucks boughs or twigs only, and does not cut a turf to put on the altar, as Latinus would have done.[128] Incidentally, the non-Roman character of the ritual excuses an alleged mistake of Vergil's. Euangelus in Macrobius quotes with great glee against the poet (Euangelus is the impious villain of the piece, who doubts Vergil's plenary inspiration and infallibility) a passage from Ateius Capito, ' Ioui tauro uerre ariete immolari non licet.'[129] But Aeneas had just done that very thing when the portent occurred :

> caelicolum regi mactabam in litore taurum.[130]

(' I was sacrificing on the shore a bull to the king of the dwellers in heaven.')

[124] *A.* II, 223.
[125] *A.* III, 19 *sqq.*
[126] Serv. on *A.* VIII, 103.
[127] *A.* III, 23-5 and Serv. ou 24.
[128] *A.* XII, 119 and Serv. there.
[129] Macr., *Sat.* III, 10, 3, ' It is not lawful to sacrifice a bull, boar or ram to Juppiter.' I am not sure that Euangelus' name does not hint that he was no better at heart than an atheistical Christian (cf. Sallustius, *de dis et mundo*, 18, with Nock's comments, *Sallustius*, p. lxxxviii), from whom no decent sentiments could be expected.
[130] *A.* III, 21.

The orthodox alleged that Vergil had purposely made him fall into this error, to lead up to the horrors of the next scene. So Praetextatus refutes Euangelus,[131] and so Servius gravely teaches his readers in his comment on Vergil's line. But the scene is not Rome or Italy, but Thrace, and in Greek ritual there was no such rule ; Herakles, for instance, who certainly should know how to approach his own father, was sacrificing twelve bulls to Zeus when he received Deianeira's fatal gift.[132] So the commentators' learning, though welcome to us with our scanty documentation of Roman religion, is really superfluous for the understanding of the poet. But to return to the hero's correct ritual behaviour, he shows more knowledge than one would expect on first touching Italian soil, for not only does he make offering *Romano ritu*, as Helenus had advised,[133] and to Juno, but he seems to know the proper title by which to call her. She is *Argiua*, though Argos is nowhere near and he certainly wants no Greek associations in his cult if he can avoid them. But one of the most famous cults of the goddess in the whole country was that at Falerii, founded, by consent of the prehistorians of Vergil's day, about the time of Aeneas' first arrival, by Halaisos of Argos, who introduced the worship of his own city-goddess.[134] So Aeneas calls her by what, to Vergil, would be one of the most famous, if not the very best known, not only of her Greek but of her Italian titles. Such exactitude well befits a poetical forbear of the senior Roman clerics. Coming back to his experiences in Thrace, so formidable a portent as the shrub which bleeds when uprooted does not leave him wholly at a loss ; he thinks it over (' *multa mouens animo* ')[135] and then addresses himself to the powers most likely to be concerned, the *Nymphae agrestes*, because the incident has taken place in the open, where the Dryads and other such beings may have interests, and Ares, because he is in the war god's country. This, and the lucky third time of trying,

> tertia sed postquam maiore hastilia nisu
> adgredior,
> (' but the third time, when I tugged harder at the shoots.')

at least clear up the mystery ; he is disturbing the grave of Polydorus, and now he knows exactly what to do. The murdered boy had been interred in hugger-mugger, and it will comfort his ghost to give him a proper funeral with full rites, including the erection of a large and imposing barrow over his corpse, formal wailing by the women and the pouring of libations of blood and milk (ghosts often dislike wine). So the unquiet spirit is laid (*animam sepulcro condimus*). It is the sort of thing one could well imagine the historical pontiffs

[131] Macrob., *ibid.*, 6.
[132] Soph., *Trach.* 760.
[133] *A.* III, 545-7, cf. above, p. 164.
[134] Ovid, *Amores* III, 13, especially lines 31 *sqq.* ; it was just after the murder of Agamemnon.
[135] *A.* III, 34.

dealing with. Psychic phenomena of a disquieting kind have been reported ; the appropriate experts would be consulted (the heroic age is over, and it cannot be confidently expected that even the most pious of priests will have a supernatural communication vouchsafed him), and on their advice the proper ritual gone through. Something of the kind did happen (602/152), when phantoms in Roman costume were seen here and there in Rome, only to vanish when looked at more closely (*appropinquantium oculos eludebant*).[136] However, as it was not known whose ghosts they were, or if they were ghosts at all, the authorities of that day contented themselves with a *supplicatio.* Aeneas, indeed, if he is an expert in any ritual save that of his own household gods, is one in that of the dead, which is not unnatural, since there had been so many deaths of his own friends and relatives, including his father, whose end had come shortly before the poem begins. He very properly observes the anniversary of this event[137] with an offering at the tomb of Anchises on the day itself and sports eight days after, i.e., a year from the conclusion of the *nouendiale sacrum* which presumably had been duly observed after the death. It is worth noting that he speaks of Anchises in this connexion as *diuinus* ; he was of course become, by Roman ideas, one of the *di parentum*, or *parentes*, by the mere fact of dying : ' ubi mortua ero, parentabis mihi et inuocabis deum parentem,' wrote Cornelia to Gaius Gracchus, or at all events Nepos says she did.[138] But it seems that some went a little further, and said that it was the business of the sons in particular to think thus highly of their fathers ; at any rate, Plutarch[139] has a theory that sons cover and daughters uncover their heads at a funeral, ' because fathers should be reverenced as gods by their male offspring, but mourned for as dead by their daughters.' Either way, ' diuini ossa parentis ' is the way a good Roman son might properly speak of his dead sire. Aeneas is particular in the exactness of his rites ; especially, he is careful to give his father two of everything, the even number fitting the ceremonial of the dead.[140] The funeral games themselves, of course, are simply what every right-thinking epic must include, though Vergil gives them a touch of originality by adding one event which is not Homeric and belongs rather to the Great Panathenaia, the galley-race; and the sacred grove with its priest which is made at the tomb, when the Trojan fleet departs and Acestes is left to help the newly-founded town on its way, is normal Greek hero-cult, though on a handsome scale.[141] The funeral of Misenus in Book VI has nothing remarkable about it, nor the several interments of battle-casualties in the later books.

[136] Julius Obsequens 18.

[137] *A.* V, 42 *sqq.*, cf. Marquardt-Wissowa, *Staatsverwaltung*, III, p. 311, n. 4.

[138] Nepos fgt. 2 Winstedt.

[139] Plut., *Mor.*, 267a.

[140] Servius on *A.* V, 78.

[141] *A.* V, 760.

Where not simply traditional Epic, they are the sort of ceremonial anyone in Italy would know more or less well.

In spite of being so new to Italy and having as yet no acquaintance with Etruscans and their ways, Aeneas knows the correct Etruscan (or is it terramara ?) rite of founding a town, even before he arrives at the mouth of the Tiber. He traces the *pomerium* of the Sicilian settlement where he leaves his weaklings with the proper *sulcus primigenius*,[142] *urbem designat aratro*, and presumably he harnessed a cow and bull to his plough and drove them widdershins, the lucky direction for such purposes in Italy, which differs from most countries in the northern hemisphere in that respect ; at all events, his ships when they race turn widdershins (*dexter abire* at the turning-point is swinging off the course).[143] But this is not remarkable, for apparently everyone in that enlightened age knew the proper way of founding a city, even the future implacable and hereditary enemies of Rome, Dido's Tyrians.[144] Whether they were as well versed in the method of dedicating a temple is not clear ; the foundation of one is mentioned a time or two in the *Aeneid*, but no details are given, even in Vergil's characteristically allusive way. As to other ritual, there is nothing very much to say that has not been said already. The numerous sacrifices which are scattered up and down the poem have in them nothing very remarkable, or unknown to an ordinary pious Roman, or (for the most part) to a decently brought-up Greek ; we have already heard Helenus instituting the *ritus Romanus* ;[145] the Sibyl takes the lead, as the expert in both Apolline and infernal cult, in determining the number of victims to be sacrificed respectively to the celestial deity and those of the lower world :[146]

> ' nunc grege de intacto septem mactare iuuencos
> praestiterit, totidem lectas de more bidentis . . . .
> quattuor hic primum nigrantis terga iuuencos
> constituit, frontique inuergit uina sacerdos,
> et summas carpens media inter cornua saetas
> ignibus imposuit sacris, libamina prima,
> uoce uocans Hecaten caeloque Ereboque potentem.'

(' but now it were better to sacrifice seven bullocks from an untouched herd and as many yearling ewes duly chosen . . . . Here the priestess first stationed four bullocks of black hide and poured wine on their foreheads, and plucking the tips of the hairs from between the horns she laid them on the holy fire as the firstfruits, while she called aloud on Hekate, mighty in heaven and hell.')

Aeneas, by her prompting or guided by his own knowledge, sacrifices a ewe-lamb and a barren heifer himself, using his sword

[142] *Ibid.*, 755.

[143] *Ibid.*, 162 ; quo tandem mihi dexter abis ? says Gyas to his pilot, who is making a wide turn for fear of running the ship aground.

[144] *A.* I, 425.

[145] See above, p. 164.

[146] *A.* VI, 38, 243.

for the purpose instead of the usual sacrificial axe.[147] 'Hoc etiam Homerus dicit,' says Servius there, and indeed it might be deduced from λ 35, though not of necessity. Much the same applies to sundry minor matters of ritual which crop up occasionally; they are such things as one did not have to be a pontiff to know.

I cannot say whether this rambling discourse will convince anyone of the proposition with which it started; it is, I think, at least a clear indication of the force of a question of Macrobius,[148] with which I, like his Praetextatus, may fittingly end: 'uideturne uobis probatum sine diuini et humani iuris scientia non posse profunditatem Maronis intellegi?' ('Do you not think I have made it out that without a knowledge of law, civil and ecclesiastical, the depths of Vergil cannot be sounded?')

[147] *Ibid.*, 249. I incline to think that Vergil is here doing, for once, what Apollonios Rhodios, for instance, does constantly, giving his verdict on a point of Homeric criticism, namely 'What did Odysseus use to sacrifice the sheep to the dead?' It is no odder than the questions which engage the *grammatici* of Seneca, *de breuit. uit.* 13, cf. Juvenal, VII, 234-6.

[148] Macrob., *Sat.* III, 9, 16.

ADVENT

Why does the coming take so long
That every soul awaits these years?
The word is rising into song.

The wings are bearing now and strong.
The timid heart is shedding fears.
Why does the coming take so long?

Who should say the real is wrong
A smile is better yet than tears.
The word is rising into song.

An iron hand displaced the gong.
The hour of our fulfilment nears.
Why does the coming take so long?

Who notes the features in the throng?
The mist that shrouds our vision clears.
The word is rising into song.

The kiss, the snowflake, last not long.
Some door ajar the eyeball sears.
Why does the coming take so long?
The word is rising into song.

TOM SCOTT

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK'S MUSICAL CRITICISM

E. D. MACKERNESS

MOST of Peacock's music criticism is guided by pre-occupations which are literary in origin. And before approaching his specifically musical writings it is as well to remind ourselves of his position as a literary critic and theorist. That position is outlined in the short 'classic' treatise called *The Four Ages of Poetry*. Peacock there advances the notion that poetry, 'like the world', may be said to have four ages, 'but in a different order: the first age of poetry being the age of iron; the second, of gold; the third, of silver and the fourth of brass.' We may neglect the other ages in considering Peacock's musical interests, and come to the *golden* age of poetry. This Peacock finds to be synonymous with the 'age of Homer'. 'Poetry', he says, 'has now attained its perfection: it has attained the point which it cannot pass: genius therefore seeks new forms for the treatment of the same subjects: hence the lyric poetry of Pindar and Alcaeus, and the tragic poetry of Aeschylus and Sophocles. . . . .' This passage may perhaps contain something of a contradiction in terms, for if perfection *had* been reached, there would be no need for further expression; repetition would alone be possible. But it helps to explain some of Peacock's general critical remarks. It also helps us to understand why Peacock so frequently appears as a *laudator temporis acti*. And it partially explains his absorbing interest in opera. For in connection with practically all he turns to, Peacock tends to assume that there may have been a precedent among the Ancients for all our chief interests; and this offers, if not the ideal itself, a standard greatly superior to what is commonly current in this 'age of brass'. This, it may be suggested, is largely responsible for one or two aspects of Peacock's *style*—his delight in 'epigram' and 'classical allusions': 'the admiration of sylvan and pastoral scenery is at the mercy of an enclosure act, and instead of the glimpse of a Hamadryad you will sometime see a large board warning you off the premises under penalty of rigour of law' (*Gryll Grange*). But in general Peacock's explorations in 'musical criticism' are concerned with matters which are extensions of 'literary' interests, and to two of them in particular—musical antiquarianism and the opera—he gave a great deal of careful and intelligent research. Before dealing with these, however, it might be advisable to consider the circumstances under which Peacock passed from an amateur in musical matters to a more 'professional' critic of music and musical performances.

In a letter to Thomas L'Estrange dated 23rd June, 1862, Peacock wrote, ' I did not go to any university or public school. I was six years and a half at a private school on Englefield Green. I left before I was thirteen. The master was not much of a scholar ; but he had the art of inspiring his pupils with a love of learning. . . . . I was early impressed with the words of Harris ; " To be completely skilled in languages is by no means the work of insuperable pains. The very progress itself is attended with delight, and resembles a journey through some pleasant country where every mile we advance new charms arise. . . ." ' That Peacock escaped a university education was, perhaps, all to the good. He was an ardent classical scholar—' liberal ', though not necessarily exact ! But had he been subjected to an academic routine, the authors he took so much delight in might, as J. B. Priestley points out, have been so many *subjects* to him. As it was, he read what he wanted to read and discarded what did not interest him. He approached all aesthetic experiences, in fact, as an *enthusiast* or, perhaps, as an *amateur*, though in a sense not quite identical with that we now use in speaking of non-professional musicians. That enthusiasm led him, of course, to the theatre, which throughout his lifetime was not in want of good performances as well as indifferent ones. And in his *Memoirs of Shelley* he tells us of his attempt to overcome Shelley's prejudice against the theatre. The account is of interest for what it contributes to our knowledge of Peacock's own approach to music. ' In the season of 1817,' he writes, ' I persuaded him to accompany me to the opera. The performance was " Don Giovanni ". Before it commenced he asked me if the opera was comic or tragic. I said it was composite—more comedy than tragedy. After the killing of the Commendatore he said, " Do you call this comedy ? " By degrees he became absorbed in the music and action. I asked him what he thought of Ambrogetti He said, " He seems to be the very wretch he personates " . . . .? ' Thereafter, Peacock tells us, Shelley became a more frequent habitué of the Italian Opera. But even at this early stage we can see what was attracting Peacock —as well, incidentally, as Shelley—and why he was so keen on the opera. He is interested in music as an aid to dramatic expression And he tends to evaluate melody, harmony, and so on in relation to the way these things help to reveal character or passion ; he is less interested in them when they are abstracted from the music drama as a whole.

We find Peacock working along these lines in the numerous articles and notices he wrote between 1830 and 1835. He had been responsible for many dramatic critiques before this ; but his important and interesting musical criticism was mostly composed about that time. It was contributed first to the *Globe and Traveller*, a periodical run by Peacock's friend Walter Coulson, and later to the *Examiner*. When the *London Review* was started in 1834, however, Peacock was engaged as a contributor ; and it was in

that journal that his most considerable musical essays appeared. But before coming to these the general tenour of his periodical writing on the opera should be noticed. Thus, for instance, he speaks of 'Fidelio' which he saw in May, 1832; 'The playfulness of youthful hope, the heroism of devoted love, the rage of the tyrant, the despair of the captive, the bursting of the sunshine of liberty upon the gloom of the dungeon, which are the great outlines of the feelings successively developed in this opera, are portrayed in music, not merely with truth of expression, as that term might be applied to other works, but with a force and reality that make music an intelligible language, possessing an illimitable power of pouring forth thought in sound.' In his notice of Rossini's 'Siege of Corinth' (1834) we find a similar concentration on dramatic requirements: 'Then comes Grisi with an air interpolated by Signor Costa, a mere music lesson, all shakes and roulades, and running up and down the chromatic scale; very suitable for an introduction to the second act of "Il Barbiere", but totally out of place for a tragic heroine in the climax of distress and difficulty. This affair is applauded; of course for the sake of Grisi. . . . .' Peacock is evidently having nothing to do with technical embellishments which turn attention away from the situation and from the feelings engendered by the plot. Thus, for instance, he commends Mlle. Schneider as Annchen in 'Der Freischutz' (1832). 'Her voice has good tone, and flexibility, with considerable powers of execution. Her action is delightful: we cannot describe it better than in Pigault Le Brun's favourite phrase, *rayonnante de joie et d'amour*. The tenor (Haitzinger) and the bass (Pellegrini) deserve no measured praise, for the strict correctness of their entire performance. Without any qualities to dazzle or surprise, they do all they undertake thoroughly well. In short here is a perfect company without anything that in theatrical parlance is called a star. . . . .' And the same preconceptions are behind the praise Peacock gives to Malibran: he is here speaking of her performance at Drury Lane on 2nd June, 1833: 'Her acting and singing combined are almost a demonstration of Lord Monboddo's proposition that "music is more natural to man than speech". She makes the music of her part seem an essential constituent of its reality. Her voice is of extraordinary richness, sweetness, compass, and power, and, in its lowest notes especially, instinctive with the very soul of feelings which "lie too deep for tears". Her musical skill is consummate; and in the very exuberance of her ornaments there are always meaning, appropriateness, and a regulating judgement. . . . .

Even from these few passages it is clear that throughout his occasional criticisms Peacock has settled and considered standards by which he attempts to evaluate the operas themselves, and the 'actors' who appear in them. We may sum up his 'critical principles' by saying that as a rule, music was for him (as the

last-quoted extract seems to imply) an extension of the potentialities or language (' speech ' being another name for ' dramatic language '). This theory—if it can properly be called a theory—is formulated carefully in Peacock's review of Lord Mount Edgecumbe's *Musical Reminiscences* ; ' containing an account of the Italian Opera in England from 1773 ' which were published in 1834 and commented on at length by Peacock in the first number of the *London Review* (April, 1835). These *Reminiscences* covered roughly one half—sixty years—of the entire period during which Italian Operas had been given in England. And Peacock's conviction was that the Opera had changed for the worse during the latter half of that time. It is while he is indicating the lines on which possible reforms might be made that he shows us why he feels the opera to be so significant. The object proposed by the Italian Opera, he says, is to present the musical drama in the most perfect form possible. To this end there must, in the first place be a good *drama*, i.e. an interesting and absorbing story. Then there must be ' good music, adapting the sound to the sense and expressing all the changes and trains of feeling that belong to the ideas and images of the drama.' The opera must have good performers, ' persons of good figures and features—picturesque in action and expressive of countenance—with voices of fine tone and great power, having true intonation, scientific execution, and above all, or rather as the crown of all, expression—expression, expression ; the one all-pervading and paramount quality, without which dramatic music is but a tinkling cymbal. . . . .' There are other necessities, such as appropriate dresses, beautiful scenery, a good orchestra, especially ' *without* a conductor keeping up, in the centre of observation, a gesticulation and a *tapage* that make him at once the most conspicuous and most noisy person in the assembly, distracting attention from the sights and sounds that ought exclusively to occupy it.' What is interesting in view of all this is to note the importance Peacock gives to *expression*. By expression he means the manner in which the singer uses his art so as to interpret the composer's intentions —not the way in which he exhibits his own personal feelings and aspirations. For Peacock there is no question of the opera's being ' exotic and irrational ' in this or in any other way. As he tells us later in reference to the peculiarities of certain theatrical impresarios ; ' A good opera is a whole, as much in the music as the poetry, and cannot be dislocated and disfigured by omissions and interpolations. . . .' Before this, however, he dwells at some length on the question of the relationship between words and music. After quoting Rosseau on the true nature of lyrical drama, he goes on to say that ' the business, indeed, of the lyrical dramatist is to present, with the most perfect simplicity, the leading and natural ideas of an impassioned action, divested of all imagery not arising from spontaneous feeling. A heroine in distress must neither demonstrate her misery by an accumulation of evidence, as in the old French

tragedy, nor dress it out in a complication of heterogeneous figures, as in a modern English song, in which everything is illustrated by a chaos of images which never met in the organized world. . . . .' Peacock then quotes some fair samples of English musical poetry : he calls them ' astounding and impertinent nonsense ' because they answer no purpose (if they happen to be heard) ' but to distract the attention from any degree of natural feeling and expression which may belong to the music or the voice.'

The poetry of the Italian Opera, Peacock informs us, is quite the contrary of all this. ' It gives, with little or no ornament, the language of passion in its simplest form : *a clear and strong outline to be filled up by the music : which is itself the legitimate ornament and illustration of the leading ideas and sentiments.*' He speaks of the essentials of ' style '—which he gives as Simplicity and Severity. And to the charge that the same rhymes and phrases are of constant occurrence, he answers : ' The *cor* and *amor*, *fedelita* and *felicita* of Desdemona, are not those of Medea. *The music paints the difference.*' To substantiate his claim that Italian librettists avoid the 'egregious rigmarole ' of ' our modern English songs ' Peacock quotes from Bellini's ' Anna Bolena ' and ' Il Pirata'. And in his essay on Bellini he shows in detail by musical quotations how effective Bellini's melodic line is in eliciting (in particular) the *pathos* of certain situations (' Bellini had', says Peacock ' a genius for melody, and chiefly for pathetic melody. . . .'). And he disposes of the suggestion that Bellini was ' unscientific ' in his use of harmony by pointing out that ' The deep and touching pathos of the simple ballad was more according to his turn of mind than the sublime and spirit-stirring volumes of sound which shake the modern musical stage '—implying that Bellini had more concern for musical language itself than for any theory of composition applied *ad hoc*. The reference to the 'ballad', taken along with other similar allusions, is curious. Peacock mentions the depth of feeling with which Oliver Goldsmith heard old ballads like Johnny Armstrong's *Last Good Night* or *Barbara Allen*. In the essay on the *Musical Reminiscences* he writes ; ' Our old English songs were models of simplicity, but our modern songs are almost all false sentiment, overwhelmed with imagery, utterly false to nature, like the night-flowers and solitary-celled monsters (quoted above).' Mr. [Tom] Moore, with his everlasting ' brilliant and sparkling metaphors has contributed to lead the *servum peccus* into this limbo of poetical vanity : but the original cause lies deeper : namely, in a very general diffusion of heartlessness and false pretension.' To have seen through Tom Moore, and to have pointed out his weaknesses so effortlessly and so effectively (Peacock did so again in *Gryll Grange*) was an attainment of some literary value. But Peacock's words have a certain musical significance as well. He had seen that a kind of ' dissociation of sensibility ' was leading the ' taste ' of the time to accept the nineteenth century ballad at

its face value ; and the bulk of his music criticism is (from one point of view) no more than an attempt to point out that a different sort of responsibility towards words was required from the operatic composer—or, indeed, from the writer of any serious vocal music. But in the case of opera, the emotional *pressure* the composer experiences must be induced and conditioned by the exigencies of drama : if that is fully realized, the rest, in time, will follow. Peacock does not show much interest in the rules of *musical* art. Music critics have not been content merely to discredit Bellini because of his supposed neglect of the principles of composition ; they have turned on others of Peacock's favourite composers. 'We have on occasion', he writes playfully 'been very much amused by some of these gentry. Listening one evening with great pleasure to some beautiful modulations in one of the operas of Rossini, we were edified by a learned Theban near us, who could hear nothing but a profuse use of the diminished seventh. And we have somewhere fallen in with another variety of the same genus, who, when the whole theatre was electrified by a bold and striking effect most appropriate to the scene, could only expatiate on the harmonic atrocity of consecutive fifths, by which in a great measure the effect had been obtained !' We have here a slight but unmistakable manifestation of the quality which gives Peacock's work on music so much of its interest—his respect for artistic propriety both in composition and performance. As regards the former of these, he is indignant when Herr Haitzinger (20th May, 1832) opens the third act of 'Der Freischutz' with an air by Bellini : and he censures Grisi for employing 'the most pure and perfect soprano voice ever heard within our days' in the performance of an air which is 'thoroughly inexpressive and a mere piece of musical trickery'. The 'technical' aspect of the matter appears when Peacock explains, in passing, the manner in which recitative has come to be superceded. 'If much of the dialogue which was formerly carried on in recitative', he writes, 'is now carried on in concerted music, it is because it is found more agreeable and more suited to the changes and varieties of passion, and is at the same time readily followed by the majority of the audience, who would now find an opera consisting of only recitatives and single airs with at most one or two duets, or a duet and a terzetto, a very insipid production.' There are these *two* factors involved. But apart from the historical aspect of the matter, Peacock wants to make it clear that the composer must avoid any suspicion of falsity to 'experience'. And Peacock's musical criticism is of interest if only because it describes, both directly and by implication, the manner in which a consolidation of 'concert' standards affected—and weakened—both musical and literary culture. For with the decline of genuine opera, Peacock could see a further move away from what he and others looked upon as 'natural' musical expression. And though he is prepared to accept justifiable stylization and conventions, he is inclined to

lose interest in an art which sacrifices truth of feeling in favour of ostentation and personal exhibitionism.

Peacock indeed makes this point himself in a comparison between the German Opera and the Italian. 'There appears to be this great difference between a German and an Italian company—that the Germans will co-operate for the production of general effect, and the Italians will look to nothing but their own individual display.' This means that a German author or composer can give reasonably serious attention to the *subject*; 'but the Italians must sacrifice everything to their company, and all in vain, except for the first production,—for to the whims and inefficiency of every new company the unfortunate opera must be refitted and garbled'. Peacock's concern for *decorum* nowhere appears more noticeably, than when he is rating theatrical managers and 'opera-wrights' (as he calls them) for patching up performances, for 'altering, garbling, omitting, interpolating.' And we can guess what is at the back of his mind when he says that the result of their efforts is a bad concert instead of a good opera! For Peacock had investigated the managerial side of operatic performances; and he briefly notes the extent to which opera is now influenced by 'capitalist' interests. The King's Theatre, for instance, which he knew so well was controlled by the assignees of a bankrupt estate who thought only of exacting the utmost possible rent within the period during which the opera was running. The impresario, who was at their mercy, could only hope that the 'stars' he might bring forward would attract audiences sufficiently large to enable him to pay his way; but if he could, as an alternative, fill his theatre with the help of a fiddler or a dancer he might be content to let the opera take its chance. 'It is true', Peacock admits, 'that we are indebted to him [a certain impresario] for some operatic stars, as well as for heroes of one string and heroines of one toe; but he has done nothing, or worse than nothing, for the musical drama, about which he neither knows nor cares anything.' The most sustained criticism of this kind is that which Peacock carried on with reference to Monk Mason's management of the King's Theatre in 1831-32. The main grievance apparently was that the owners of the theatre were coming off so well and the artists so poorly! But in any case that season was 'barren of valuable novelty' and 'the most conspicuous in mangling, garbling, and bungling of all descriptions...' It is plain that Peacock is suspicious of commercial music-making. But he was *jealous* of it also. For he could see that concert performances were tempting artists away from the opera: 'They come forward on the stage with their voices in full freshness, fix their reputation, are immediately in requisition, drive about from concert to concert, public and private, and sing morning, noon and night, till their once sweet voices are only redolent of weariness: and the moment their stage performance shows symptoms that they are tired of their parts, their audiences grow tired of *them*.' Peacock

showed little inclination for public concerts, and instrumental music is seldom mentioned by him apart from the opera. How closely his interests were identified with the opera, in fact is seen from a most revealing passage in *Gryll Grange*. Mr. Falconer asks Miss Ilex : 'What say you to Haydn ?' (Chapter XV, 'Expression in Music'). She replies : 'Haydn has not written operas, [!] and my principle experience is derived from the Italian theatre. But his music is essentially dramatic. It is a full stream of perfect harmony in subjection to exquisite melody ; and in simple ballad-strains, that go direct to the heart, he is almost supreme and alone. Think of that air with which everyone is familiar : "My mother bids me bind my hair :" the graceful flow of the first part, the touching effect of the semitones in the second : with true intonation and true expression, *the less such an air is accompanied the better*.' Peacock must have had some degree of familiarity with London concerts in order to be able to make a comment such as that : though his remark (in the account of Lord Mount Edgcumbe's *Reminiscences*) that the English ear has become so accustomed to the sound of the pianoforte that it no longer takes any delight in the harpsichord seems to hint at a wider acquaintance with 'domestic' music-making. But Peacock says very little about such things as orchestral playing in his day, the rise of the early 'specialized' virtuosi, the Philharmonic Society, and the visits of people like Spohr, Moscheles, and Mendelssohn. We can learn much more about such things from writers like George Hogarth, whose *Memoirs of the Musical Drama* (1838) covers practically the same ground as Peacock's writings, and Leigh Hunt. Each one of these three critics had his own recognizable 'angle' ; Hogarth writes more as an impresario—he knows who all the artists are, their capabilities and their reputations—but, like Peacock, he laments the decline of the *dramatic* in opera : Leigh Hunt, on the other hand, has a certain *savoir faire* which makes him a good journalist—but in musical matters he represents an ethos shared between the Cave of Harmony (or the Glee Club) and the Sunday Evening at Home round the chamber organ.

Peacock's interests are much more 'literary'. He looks on music as having a respectable place in general culture, and his 'periodical' criticism is far removed from journalese. In case this is taken as implying an adverse judgement on Leigh Hunt, it is only fair at this stage to offer something of a comparison between the two writers. Both were professional literary men in the best sense. But Hunt had more of a 'grass-hopper mind' than Peacock, and lacks his 'wit'—which is an essential quality of Peacock's seriousness. Yet Hunt probably knew more actual music than Peacock, for his relationship with Vincent Novello had introduced him to Mozart, Haydn, and Purcell—if only in arrangements. Peacock, however does not seem to show much awareness of the tradition of instrumental symphony and the like which was gradually superceding

opera. He hardly treats oratorio, either, which is rather surprising. But his descriptions of particular artists are worth noting : it is always the accounts of the opera singers which are the most considered and the most well-informed. Thus, for instance, he writes of Grisi as she appeared in Donizetti's 'Anne Boleyn' : 'Giuletta Grisi presented us with the heroine, as she might really have been, in all the splendour of her youth and beauty. It seems to us preposterous to say, as some have said, that she copied Pasta. She had reminiscences of Pasta, but did not turn aside from her own course either to imitate or avoid them. Her singing was her own : on this point there is no difference of opinion—the most beautiful of voices, guided by the truest feeling. . . . .' The *tone*, however, in which he writes of Paganini is very different from this. Peacock is extremely just to the great violinist's musical genius : he praises the 'surpassing beauty' of its effect, and notes that 'none of the phenomena of his execution appear to be exhibited for the sake of their own display.' But it is the mystery, the theatricality behind the great virtuoso which really attract Peacock's attention—not so much the 'aesthetic' effect of Paganini's performance. He writes : 'Paganini is, to appearance, about forty-five : in person tall and thin, with long arms and long fingers—long black hair, parted on the forehead, and flowing back on the shoulder ; small and usually half-closed eyes : a stupendous Roman nose ; a tapering chin. . . . . He stands up, between the lamps and the orchestra, which is arranged on the stage, and plays, without written notes, music of his own composition, which seems to be the result of the inspiration of the moment and which is replete with intellect and feeling. . . . .' It is interesting to put beside this a passage from Leigh Hunt, who describes Paganini as seeming 'to throw handfuls, as it were, of staccatoed notes, in distinct and repeated showers, over his violin, small and pungent as the tips of pins.' Hunt's enthusiasm led him to write a poem about the violinist, in which the imagery is even more brilliant and unexpected. But from a comparison of the two pieces it appears that Hunt is deriving quite a different kind of enjoyment from Paganini's playing than Peacock is. Hunt joins in the performance, as it were : Peacock maintains the same reflective impartiality he would show if he were reporting the performance of a ballet dancer or a stage magician. But he does not give to a fiddler the serious care and attention he would to the musician taking part in an opera.

Indeed, the manner in which Peacock's notice about the Paganini recital commences is perhaps significant : 'Paganini is the great wonder of the day. It is a dispute among the learned (for which we refer to divers tractates *De Musica Veterum*) whether the tensile instruments of the ancients were all played by the hand, or whether some of them, of which the form seems well adapted to the purpose were not played by the bow. We have hitherto been sceptical on this point. . . . .' Peacock's interest in what at the beginning of

this article was called 'musical antiquarianism' really requires to be dealt with in a separate essay. It is ubiquitous in Peacock's work, and is put to considerable humorous and satirical use in the novels. Classical antiquity is never far from his mind and he is always looking for the qualities in modern art which cause it to approximate most nearly to classical 'perfection'. He notices, for instance, two arias in Bellini's 'Sonnambula' ('Ah! parce non posso odiarti?' and 'Ah non giunge uman pensiero'). The first of these Peacock claims as the finest thing in the opera: but 'our principal purpose, in adverting to them at present', he says, 'is to notice the peculiar *classical beauty* of the latter. The music is adapted, with singular purity and precision, to the Ionic A Minor metre. This metre we must observe, with all deference to Dr. Burney's antispastic theory, is the true Dionysiac metre: the predominant metre of Greek theatrical music. All the choruses of the "Bacchae" of Euripides, for instance, are resolvable into it. The measure of the air in question is discriminated into Ionic monometers, with an accuracy unusual in modern musical composition, in which everything like poetical metre is generally frittered away. The air is sung by Madame Pasta, with a correctness of taste, and a natural grace of action, strictly accordant with its delightful simplicity. *It came upon us as a shadow of the Athenian stage*'. This is perhaps one of the best *loci* of this kind because it shows *in parvo* where Peacock's important preoccupations lie. But he is at the same time interested in other aspects of ancient music, and shows an astonishing amount of knowledge about it. He is, for example, intimately acquainted with the Greek scales, with Greek harmony, and with the Echeia or sonorous vases of the Athenian theatre which in that vast space propagated and clarified sound. His knowledge, moreover, is of an operative kind, depending also to a great extent on a familiarity with modern practices: it is not bookish, or merely statistical. It is as though, turning from the songs of modern men, Peacock seeks another music among the Ancients—just as Keats would have dwelt for ever on the beauty of the Grecian Urn. In this Peacock is, as it were, something of a musical Epicurian. And in the same connection his review of Muller's and Donaldson's *History of Greece* should be mentioned because it displays a knowledge of music in general which is 'academic' in range. But in all this musical antiquarianism Peacock keeps music and literature fairly close together, and his ideal is obviously to make them interact as if there were a possible means of expression deriving from both and yet superior—in its usefulness to the artist—to either of them.

In this survey there has been very little mention of Peacock's novels, chiefly because they are better known than his 'non-fiction'. The novels, however, abound with references to music, and show, though only in a fragmentary form. the same direction of critical interests which we find in his contributions to the various periodicals

of the day. Apart from its immediate value, Peacock's musical writing, wherever it appears, has the distinction of proceeding from a mind qualified to make mature deliberations *outside* the field of music and literature as well as within it. Some years ago there was quite a vogue for Peacock among many *littérateurs :* but there is at present, perhaps, a danger that he may once again come to be looked upon as the 'delightful' stylist so admirably equipped to afford sophisticated enjoyment at a level rather above that required to amuse or thrill the strap-hanger. He is, however, much more than an entertainer ; as we see from his criticism, his habits of judgement are the kind which can only come from responsible *living* and genuine intellectual honesty. His interests in music are indeed *literary* ; but it is no accident that he managed to make them so without showing any bias towards art for art's sake, or without degenerating into Walter Savage Landor's type of dilettantism. After Peacock, no periodical writer on musical matters seems to have maintained anything quite like his poise and width of outlook. There are, of course, vast differences between the two men, both in *procédé* and intention : but it seems no injustice to either of them to say that we find very little musical criticism as distinctive and, one might almost say, as *seminal* in effect until we come to the times of Corno di Bassetto.

SONNET OF RESURRECTION

The Yew-Tree

Is there a cause why we should wake the dead ?
Should they not sleep, safe in the sepulchre ?
I, a man walking, one alive to fear,
Hear these deep, holy boughs and berries red
Sweep the dark graves, then stop where seem to tread
Long-vanished mourners from an earlier year.
Late-leaving, then, from each fresh grave I hear
Love's nearmost : 'O, who will lift this lost, loved head,
Crowned with flowers fading, whose quick colours pray ?'
Then none makes answer ; yet, soon, bodily
Reaching to God, I hear that good thief say :
'Lord, for no wrong Thou diest, but justly we.'
That world kills grief, and through the dark-boughed tree
Gives to each dead his resurrection day.

VERNON WATKINS

POETS IN SEASON

Blanched and barren we lie under the long winter
Ridden with snow and packed with icy draughts
Hugging our tender souls in coats of toughened leather
Clustering in ravines against heart-splitting shafts.

For a short summery hour we glowing gentians
Rise and spread out our genitals like stars
And when we droop drained and calm under night's glance
The sky is carpeted too with heavenly flowers.

RONALD BOTTRALL.

WINTER MORNING

Walking under the trees
Seeking the crystal of the air
We find cold silence
Of all garments clear.
Day is a diamond ghost ;
Sharp on the branches
Sunlight is a golden frost
And winter dances.

J. B. PICK

THE FIELD TO THE SNOW

Snow, my Fall of Mercy, I have troubles to confess.
I should be shouting up to God the kind of field I am,
A naked acre for the wolf, a grave-yard for the lamb.
Oh think, before you cover all beneath a fathom of peace !

I never told the hooded crow my heart was black as he,
Or screamed my thistle hate aloud to scare the gulls to sea ;
The river was my lover ; in my hard, cold pride
I broke the spear of him that rankled, rankled in my side.

Snow my Fate, oh heavy Pardon, hesitate to fall !
Your freezing absolution you may keep, keep, keep
Until I bring the dead to life who labour in my soul ;
There's beauty that I might betray beneath a boon of sleep.

LILIAN BOWES LYON

SELECTED NOTICES

Essays on Contemporary Events. By C. G. Jung. (Kegan Paul, 8s. 6d.).

Dr. Jung offers us four essays on the crisis of our times, together with an introduction and an epilogue.[1] Of the four essays one was written before the war, two during the war, and one at its termination. The author's approach is naturally psychological, but the present political and social disorders are more than a psychological problem, and we want to know Jung's attitude to philosophy and religion as well. In the essay on 'Psychotherapy and a Philosophy of Life' he fully recognizes the necessity of a reflective *Weltanschauung*, but does not seem to have much confidence in the power of reason to attain it. 'Logical arguments simply glance off the experienced fact of feeling. Original sin, the meaning of life, and immortality are such facts of feeling. But to experience them is a charisma which no human art can bring to pass. Only unreserved self-surrender can hope to achieve such an aim.' This amounts to a rather summary dismissal of the long line of philosophers who have used all the resources of intellect in the discussion of such questions. In any case the act of self-surrender presupposes an awareness that there is something to which the self can be surrendered. In recent years we have surely had a surfeit of people with deep feelings and profound intuitions, and we ought to be more than ready to seek a philosophy of life based upon cool reason. How else shall we govern and integrate those psychological impulses which Jung describes and to which he attributes the disasters of our times?

If Jung's attitude to philosophy is ambiguous, so also is his attitude to religion. He pays tribute to the value of religious practice and religious symbolism in the psychological order, with a special word for the greater efficacy of the Catholic outlook as compared with Protestantism. Nevertheless it does not appear to have entered his head that a doctrinal religion might be true and that, if it were not true, it would be unlikely to have any far-reaching psychological efficacy. There is no complete cure of mental disease unless the patient can be induced to face the facts instead of taking refuge in his own fantasies, and a religious solution can be honestly offered only if it has a basis in fact. If the genuine facts were such as to induce neurosis, we should have to put up with the neurosis for the sake of intellectual integrity. It would save all of us considerable worry at present if we could persuade ourselves that the atomic bomb did not exist, but that is no excuse for forgetting that it does exist, and we have to put up with the consequent anxiety. In the same way the existence of God and the truth of Christianity are either facts or not. If they were not facts, they would be an unworthy and eventually ineffective source of psychological consolation and fortification.

With this half-hearted attitude to rational philosophy and revealed religion it is evident that Jung has to devote his main attention to considerations on the merely psychological level. Here he has much to say that is of interest about the resurgence of the irrational element, which he personifies as Wotan, especially in the German mind. But he must be reminded that the real problem begins when the will surrenders to irrational impulse, and that this is an ethical and not simply a psychological problem. Jung seems to think that he is more moderate and more charitable in regarding the *débâcle* of the German mind simply as a mental disease. It is to be feared that he is only more superficial, and that what we really have to examine is the moral and religious degradation of men, not in Germany alone, who have voluntarily rejected both created and uncreated reason. The tragic solidarity of human pride and human degradation, so overwhelmingly exemplified in our day, forces us to look farther than psychology as the modern man understands it.

[1] Translated by Elizabeth Welsh, Barbara Hannah, and Mary Briner.

This condemnation of the book under review is uttered with no satisfaction. Jung is certainly among the more reasonable of contemporary psychologists, and, if even he can present us with so superficial a diagnosis of our position and our needs, it becomes as clear as daylight that psychology is not enough. The modern man is inclined to believe that psychology has supplanted ethics and religion ; here is striking evidence that this is not the case. The moral which has to be drawn is that the would-be psychologist must first make an objective study of philosophy and religion. Only when he has an analytic and rational view of the world as a whole can he safely turn his attention to the relatively subjective field of psychology and study the curious twists of the human mind towards or away from the world of objective fact. When a psychologist is first of all a philosopher and relates his speculations to a definite philosophy, we shall at last have a psychology which merits full rational attention. As long as the philosophy of the psychologist is merely an extension of his psychological theories, it will remain in a region of vague concepts and hasty generalizations, and its superficiality will have to be condemned by any thinker accustomed to a more stringent and objective method.

The Existence of God. By Dom Mark Pontifex, O.S.B. (Longmans, 7s. 6d.).

The intention of Dom Mark Pontifex's book, *The Existence of God*, 'a Thomist Essay', is 'to appeal to readers of any and no religion, indeed to all who are interested in the great questions of human destiny'. Despite this, however, one has the feeling on reading it that it presupposes a certain acquaintance with the works of St. Thomas—and such an acquaintance is probably limited somewhat to those who already believe—if for no other reason than because English as a language is peculiarly lacking in clarity in its theological and philosophical terms, and even with the aid of Dom Pontifex's 'Explanation' at the beginning of his book, a knowledge of the subtleties of Thomist terminology is important. And yet not too wide a knowledge, for there is in this book little that is new : although it is not an account of Thomist teaching, it is an interpretation of that teaching, and as such it bears the stamp of antiquity. Indeed, the virtue and value of Dom Pontifex's work lies not so much in the truths he states as in the way in which he states them, for he brings to them a consciousness of their living reality—they must not be relegated to the dusty top shelf of the theological section of the library, but be within as easy reach as the well-thumbed novels by the fire-side. And if they are to be real and vital, if they are to be valid today, in a scientific age, there are a host of difficulties to be faced. It is to Dom Pontifex's credit that he faces them squarely.

One of the stock arguments against St. Thomas' reasoning for the existence of God is that he, as a believer and a Catholic one at that, began from the hypothesis which he was setting out to prove, thus seeing more in his facts than they themselves actually warranted. Dom Pontifex gets over this hurdle almost on the first page, for he argues not from self-evidence but from analysis : he says 'this does not mean that more is discovered in the object [arguing from a given existent] than it originally contained, but only (if the reasoning is accepted) that what was at first implicit is made explicit. . . . We argue that the object in question cannot be thought of by itself alone, but only as dependent on God, that God is always in the background of our thought. This again does not mean that God is a self-evident fact, for a self-evident fact is evident at once without further analysis, whereas the existence of God requires analysis of our thought to make it clear'.

Much could be said about this book in its main thesis, but to the present reviewer the real interest of it lies not so much in its general argument as in its implications—those lines of thought, often little more than sentences,

which the author throws out from time to time, and which may profitably be followed because they stimulate thought about what may be called the daily problems of the practice rather than the profession of religion. There is a short section on prayer, for instance. Prayer lies at the heart of Christianity, and is second only to the sacraments in our religious life. Here Dom Pontifex writes with a fine logicality, but what he has to say, though brief, might be, one imagines, hard and perhaps even shattering, to the ordinary Christian believer. Prayer for most people is supplication ; the asking of some blessing, generally material, which may or may not be granted by God. Phrases occur to the mind familiar in everyday religious speech—we speak of 'storming Heaven', 'making an offering' for some especial favour ; we pray specifically for those things which we want, and for those people we love. Logically, of course, since God is unchangeable, prayer cannot change Him, and since He is entirely good he cannot withhold good from his creation. What then, one may well ask, is the purpose of prayer? Dom Pontifex answers this for us : 'God does not change as a result of prayer, but man by means of prayer makes himself capable of receiving perfection from God . . . the only purpose of prayer is to produce that attitude of mind and will on the part of the creature—attention and submission to God—which is necessary in order that we may be actuated and perfected by God'. We may, by analogy, think of God as a fire and His goodness as the warmth which the fire imparts. If we erect a screen between ourselves and the fire, we cannot receive the warmth ; and that is what either by our sin or by negligence we do. Prayer is the laying before God of ourselves, the attention and submission of which Dom Pontifex speaks. The question now arises, of course, of why it seems that sometimes our prayers are not heard, and the answer to this lies partly in the knowledge that we can have temporal good only in so far as it is not contrary to eternal good, and partly in the matter of free-will.

Free-will to most people is a problem of some magnitude, and in view of Dom Pontifex's clear statement of it one is somewhat disappointed in his solution, for he never seems to arrive at the complete answer to the real question, which is after all the apparent incompatibility of man's free-will with the omniscience of God—how can I have free-will if God knows from the beginning of time how I will act? The answer, one supposes, lies somewhere in the fact that the human mind, limited as it is by conceptions of time and space, can hardly grasp fully the possibility of a situation such as this, for our knowledge of God on our present plane of existence is only by analogy, even the analogy of faith, and our seeing is only as in a glass darkly. Nevertheless we do *see*, and if to understand free-will it requires some mental gymnastics, they are exercises which we may profitably be called upon to perform.

This is an absorbing book, and of great interest, but the depressing fact about it is that one cannot help wondering how many of those who definitely do not believe in the existence of God it will ever convert. What percentage of its readers, one may ask, are either those who read in order to be sure of the arguments of their enemies, or those who already believe but who have no clear rational basis for their belief and would like to have one? Probably ninety-nine per cent. The truth is, one fears, that those whose minds are set against believing in the existence of God will never be convinced : those who wish to believe will always find reasons to do so. The percentage who begin with denial and end with assent purely on rational grounds is unfortunately small—'No Catholic is likely to abandon belief in God, even if he becomes convinced that St. Thomas' arguments are bad ; he will invent other arguments or take refuge in revelation'. The sting in that remark of Bertrand Russell's is two-fold. For if the Catholic believer starts with belief and ends with reasons for it, no less does the unbeliever start with unbelief and end with his reasons for it. But lest we be accused of taking 'refuge in revelation' it is as well that we should know the reasons for our beliefs, and to this end Dom Pontifex's book is particularly valuable. And there is always that one per cent that comes unbelieving and may be converted.

These Changing Years. By Bernard Wall. (Harvill Press, 5s.).

First of all a portrait of the author, and best of all a pen-portrait. 'One sits in clouds of tobacco smoke to the whirr of a typewriter. It is three o'clock (morning): outside, somewhere, there is a batch of Swiss mountains. Very cold.' Reading this 'Business Note' at the end of the opening number of *The Colosseum* (1934) one has some sense of what to expect of a book that its editor may write more than ten years hence. One instinctively recalls Wyndham Lewis during the period of his editorship of *Blast* and thinks, noting the date of this other 'quarterly of action' which is also 'not a polite review', that here is another magazine that savours of editorial fire and brimstone. Obviously as the title implies, and the sub-titles endorse, here is no sanctuary for the petty-minded bourgeois or the Marxist militants; and one is right. To the last inch Mr. Wall is a vitalist, and as one goes through a set of copies of *The Colosseum* one has the impression of a man who is by nature an editor and by circumstance a writer. One feels that had he lived a century earlier, before little reviews had come into being, he might have kept a diary in which it would have been possible to detect both a certain social awareness and a power to intuit in what direction civilization was moving. As it was, being a child of his time, his task has been to edit, and on looking back over the past fifteen years one realizes all in all what a creditable and admirable task he has made of it. In fact going through his work in this capacity it is rather like going through an European notebook—a title which he himself has already chosen for one of his books—and which in bringing one to his latest book (or perhaps rather 'cahier' as it should be described) only further endorses the point.

These Changing Years in many ways reads as a commentary that develops much that Mr. Wall said in *The Colosseum* and has again repeated in the first three numbers of *The Changing World*, his new quarterly which began to appear in 1947. Moreover, if his second quarterly appears somewhat anaemic compared with his original venture, it is certainly today quite in a class of its own in its wide choice of contributors who, without conforming to any one set approach to the cosmos, are all adamant both in their avoidance of generalities and in their stress on the importance of seeing the growth of culture and civilization as essentially a process in which heed must be paid to the impact of living experience. Without this heed diagnosis would be static and unity, as is so often the case, abandoned for uniformity. This very positive attitude to modern life reflects most clearly the mind of Mr. Wall, as reflected in his 'cahier' now under review, for throughout *These Changing Years* one is continually coming across questions which at heart are editorial questions because they are the sort of questions with which an editor may intersperse his conversation when he wants an author to write upon a particular subject. For instance: 'Can we not use our intelligence to devise some means of improving culture and should it not be possible in fact to produce a situation of cultural progress incomparably "ahead" of anything achieved in the past'? Or the statement which is obviously thrown out with the idea of provoking an answer in the form of an article: 'I do not believe that ours is an age suited for great epic poetry . . . and perhaps the next great epics will only be written one or two thousand years after our death (if *written* is a word which can be used about unknown forms of a culture of the future which are not our business). But I can conceive a religious treatment of the uncovered astronomical "heaven" or of atomic matter—a dance of the atoms—which would be as it were the counterpart to Dante's treatment of the Ptolemaic system.'

In thus opening a number of different channels of thought, Mr. Wall admits to a difficulty: it is that the very nature of these problems and their like cause him, as Eliot, to feel that his postulations are as 'a raid on the inarticulate'—a quotation from Eliot, which he himself uses as an epigraph to his chapter which treats of 'Questions of Language'. Accordingly his provisos about Spengler and his notes on nuclear physics and the imagination are hardly syllogistic in the Aristotelian sense: instead, as he himself admits,

there were even times 'when it seemed to me that some kind of poetical medium, or even some apparently tangential approach—in the form of a parable, for instance—would convey more of what I wanted to say,' and in some cases he has used such media to good effect. In this he is not exactly a pioneer, but it does put him in company with a number of writers in England whose importance is growing, although as a body they have not yet won much public acceptance, (whilst in academic circles their work has been largely ignored. There is Fr. Martin D'Arcy who in his last book, *The Mind and Heart of Love*, a study of Eros and Agape, called in to bear him witness in his thesis novelists as different as Galsworthy and Sigrid Undset, poets as unrelated as Edith Sitwell and Novalis, together with the scholastics and other such thinkers as Kierkegaard, Croce and Martin Buber. There is Mr. Jackson Knight who in his recent book, *Roman Vergil*, summoned Jung and other psychologists to help him in an interpretation of the poetic process and who has, as well, not shied at drawing comparisons between classical and modern poetry. And in the way that both these authors have not hesitated to speak *ex cathedra* out of their specialized provinces, so Mr. Wall in *These Changing Years* has in a sense editorially helped to consolidate their work in theology and the classics.

By this is meant that he has shown that a writer by not restricting himself to any one sphere is able without losing direction to present a number of facets of the same thing. That is not to say his approach is musical as in a fugue in which the theme is being recurrently stated, but which perhaps may best be explained by another image. Suppose there is a statue which it is the object of an art-collector to exhibit and write a few notes upon for his catalogue. If he is by nature musical then he may formulate his précis after the pattern of a quartet ; on the other hand, if music is not his particular *metier*, but rather painting, then he may look at it as a picture until suddenly from one fixed spot he sees not only the stone, but the grain of the stone and yet behind that grain the rough-hewn shape of which the sculptor first saw the potentiality that would enable him to create a figure. It is in this manner, so it seems to the present reviewer, that Mr. Wall's mind works. He is concerned with the essence of things, but also with the surface, and because of his interest in the essence he has often tended to become involved in surface manifestations of that essence : in other words, with such movements like existentialism, so that one sometimes has the idea when one reads *The Changing World*, as one used to have when one read *The Colosseum*, that there is an editorial inclination 'to be up to the moment' which also gives one as one reads his notebooks a slight shudder as one stumbles now and then upon an ill-digested judgment. It is as if for a second a schoolboy had taken over the editorship and rather facetiously pencilled in what is not really either necessary or completely relevant to the text. Yet in comparison with the great mine of significant ideas that are there to be found in his latest 'cahier' this is a small fault, but it is worth commenting upon for two reasons. In the first place because such faults may catch the eye of the discriminating reader and hence dissuade him from perusing it further : in the second place because singularly little attention in the past has been given by critics to Mr. Wall since his work requires repeated concentration similar to that given to a metaphysical poem.

Yet, like such a poem, it is well worth while.

NOTE.

In the Spring, 1947, *number of this quarterly there appeared in error an advance 'selected notice' of SAMUEL PALMER by Geoffrey Grigson. This book has now been published by Kegan Paul at two guineas, and is heartily commended to all those who are interested in this much neglected English painter.*